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A REVIEW OF LITERATURE, THE ARTS AND CURRENT AFFAIRS

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- Toward a Greater Ministry
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THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

THE CRESSET

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THE CRESSET

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Notes and Comment

BY THE EDITORS

"The People's Choice"

THE wise old gentlemen who wrote the Constitution of the United States didn't think that the average citizen had sense enough to make an intelligent choice of a president of the United States and practically said so in so many words when they provided for an electoral college to do the choosing. Their less-outspoken descendants also don't think that the average citizen has sense enough to choose a President but the devices by which they prevent him from exercising the power of choosing are considerably more artful.

There was a lot of breath-sucking and tch-tch-tching last January when President Truman called the New Hampshire presidential preference primary mere eyewash but, of course, Mr. Truman was right. Neither party, and very few leaders in either party would be willing to permit the average citizen any voice in choosing the party nominee. The rule of the professional politician is "Get 'em out for the general election and keep 'em out of the primary." For, as the late Boies Penrose once noted, if one is faced with a choice between losing an election and losing control of the party machinery, it is better to lose the election. To that simple proposition, almost any professional politician would say Yea and Amen.

And so, fellow citizens, we are not going to go to the polls in November and search out among us the ablest man to lead the nation through these parlous times. We are going to take our pick of two gentlemen, one of whom has

been selected by the professional Republican politicians and the other of whom has been selected by the professional Democratic politicians. The two party conventions narrowed our possible choice from several score million possible candidates to two. We are now allowed to choose either of the two.

But that isn't the whole story. In 1948, after some six million New Yorkers had turned out to exercise their sovereign franchise, it was discovered that Mr. Dewey had amassed about 55,000 votes more than had Mr. Truman. Percentagewise, Mr. Dewey had won 46.3 per cent of the vote and Mr. Truman 45.4, with Henry Wallace's Progressives picking up the other eight-odd per cent. But as far as electoral votes are concerned, Mr. Truman would have been no worse off if he hadn't gotten a single vote. For, under the "winner take all" tradition, the candidate who gets a plurality of votes cast in any state picks up all of its electoral votes. So, for all practical purposes, you cast a vote for President only if you happen to have voted for the candidate who gets the largest number of votes cast in your state.

Now as it happens, we are by no means sold on the wisdom of allowing the people complete freedom to choose their President. But if the people want any considerable voice at all in choosing their President, two minimum changes would have to be made in the present procedure.

In the first place, the choice of party nominees would have to be made more responsive to popular opinion. A national primary election might be one device for accomplishing this although it is by no means a cure-all for the evils of the present convention system. A second device would be the adoption of Senator Lodge's proposed constitutional amendment which would require the allotment of electoral votes in proportion to the popular vote. The offsetting disadvantage of such a procedure would be to make it more likely that third-party votes might prevent either of the major-party candidates from receiving a clear electoral majority and thus throw the election into the House of Representatives.

But until one or both of these procedures is adopted, it is rather silly to talk about "the people's choice." For all practical purposes, the average American has no more to say in the choice of his President than the average Englishman has to say in the choice of his sovereign. Fortunately, although that sounds terrible in theory, it doesn't work out at all badly in practise.

Matter of Course

WE CAN never listen to a political hopeful invoking the traditions of democracy and the sanctity of motherhood in support of his candidacy without recalling a story, perhaps apocryphal, which is told about the late Rt. Hon. Stanley, Earl Baldwin of Bewdley, one of England's premier pig fanciers and for seven years prime minister of His Majesty's government.

It seems that Earl Baldwin (then merely Mr. Baldwin) was to deliver an address upon an innocuous subject to some public group. His secretary, in looking over the manuscript of the speech, came upon a notation penciled in the margin: "Refer again to A. G." Puzzled, the secretary referred the speech to the only A. G. he could think of off-hand, the attorney-general. That worthy, after several careful readings, could find nothing in the speech that might conceivably require legal advice and finally returned the speech with a request that the prime minister indicate what section required an opinion.

The prime minister was much amused at the stir which his notation had created. For the note in the margin had been penciled in merely as a reminder that at this point in his address it would be advisable to "refer again to Almighty God."

Have-Not Nation

BETWEEN the November election and the inauguration in January, we would suggest that the President-elect, whoever he may be, read carefully a document entitled "Resources for Freedom" which was published late in June by the President's Materials Policy Commission, a special five-man group which has been appraising the resource situation in the United States.

This report requires radical readjustments in our national thinking. We are, by far, still the most richly-endowed nation on earth. But not only have we already exhausted many of our resources; we have, as this report points out, so vastly accelerated our rate of consumption that we are running at present a 9-percent deficit in production and will, by 1975, be running a twenty-percent deficit. This leaves us with only two alternatives: either we contract our economy so that our consumption drops down to the level of our production or we go scouring the earth for supplementary supplies of raw materials to keep production up and permit normal expansion.

For all practical purposes, the first alternative is unrealistic. We face, then, the necessity of finding sources of supply outside our boundaries. Thus, like Great Britain and Japan before us, we be-

come dependent upon trade to maintain our domestic economy. This is the fundamental economic fact of life which we and our children will have to face. True enough, we may be able to postpone the full effect of the fact for a while by such devices as more thoroughly exploiting our domestic supplies or by substituting relatively abundant materials for scarcer materials in the manufacture of certain commodities. But ultimately things are going to catch up with us and that "ultimately" may be much shorter than most of us suppose, particularly when one stops to digest the import of this report's statement that "the quantity of most metals and minerals used in the United States since the First World War exceeds the total used throughout the entire world in all of history preceding 1914." Read that sentence again. It is almost unbelievable, but it is true. And our use of these resources is increasing daily at an accelerated rate.

So much for an introduction to the economic facts. Now—what about the moral issue?

The Earth Is the Lord's

LIFE magazine did a beautiful analysis of the report, complete with graphs and charts. But apparently the editors of LIFE assumed that the American economy is entitled to grow and grow and grow, the major problem being simply that of revising our thinking and policies so that we will have access to raw materials in all parts of the world as we come to need them. But isn't there something else to be said here?

It is a fact that from a quarter to a third of the world's population lacks the minimum essentials of a healthy life. These people are not looking forward to the day when they can buy a newer-model car with flashier chromium trim or a new color-television set. They dream, when they have time to dream, of the day when they will, for once in their lives, have relief from the gnawing hunger that wastes their bodies and dulls their minds. These people, too, are the children of God. They, too, have a right to their proportional share of the earth's resources. The Creator did not draw boundary lines within which multitudes are doomed to scratch out meagre livings from sterile soil while a few highly-favored groups are privileged to grow fat in lands within which even irresponsible prodigality brings no immediate reprisal. More specifically, there is no divinely-established natural law which dooms the Japanese farmer to a minimum level of living on his rocky hillside while you and we skim off the cream of

the richest farmlands on earth.

The moral problem is inescapable. This is not our world and this is not our land. These are not our minerals and these are not our waters. The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof. We are, at most, stewards. Can we, morally, justify converting irreplaceable resources into baubles and trinkets which are not only unnecessary but, often enough, even useless? Can we justify wheat yields of twenty bushels per acre on land which could and should produce forty bushels per acre? Can we justify the continuing depletion of our agricultural land, the wastefulness of so many of our mining methods, the destruction of our forests, the pollution of our streams, the slaughter of our wildlife, and the creeping encroachment of concrete deserts upon our countryside when so many people do not know what they are going to eat tomorrow?

All right, so this sounds like a preacher under a full head of steam. The questions still stand and demand an answer. There is something in the Gospels about how difficult it is for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. Rich nations, perhaps, stand in the same danger as rich men.

Daddy, Please Buy Me a Betatron!

SPEAKING of the waste of our resources, it is surely in order to note the role which modern advertising has played in encouraging wasteful consumption. In so doing we do not, of course, intend any blanket indictment of the advertising profession. To the extent that the advertising man is providing honest information on the availability and good qualities of necessary or desirable commodities, he is rendering a useful service. But we do indict the hucksters whose art consists in "making the useless desirable and the desirable necessary."

Modern advertising is, in its essence, applied psychology. The advertiser appeals to human fears, human wants, human weaknesses, and human pride. There are large areas within which such appeals are perfectly in order. Thus an insurance company is, it would seem to us, justified in pointing out, in a factual way, the consequences that might ensue for one's family if its breadwinner leaves no protection for the family. Similarly a manufacturer of 100% virgin wool topcoats is justified in calling public attention to the desirable qualities of woolen clothing as compared to other types of clothing.

But very little modern adver-

tising employs understatement or even factual statement as a device for attracting public attention. And apparently the more useless a product, the more glowingly (and inaccurately) must its supposed virtues be presented. One need only examine most present-day cigarette advertising and practically all toothpaste or tooth powder advertising for substantiation of this statement.

But the device to which we most strenuously object is that of manipulating noble motives to break down sales resistance. This is the sort of thing whiskey manufacturers, particularly, seem to have a penchant for. The picture shows a hale and hearty group of men sitting in comfortable old clothes around the fire and there is at least the implied suggestion that if you don't drink Old Phenol Whiskey you don't approve of this sort of Christian, democratic *bonhommie* either. Or take this business of children. Little tow heads and big blue eyes look out upon you from the pages of almost any magazine you pick up, each designed to pick your pocket while it is tugging at your heart strings. Perhaps we would find it easier to think gently of small children and behave more kindly in our role as parent had we not, for years, been schooled to resist the charms of rosebud lips and big blue eyes mutely beseeching us to buy this brand of noise-making breakfast fodder or that brand of retractable landing gear.

These devices are objectionable enough when they are employed to help the sale of goods which are, in themselves, useful. When they are employed to persuade people to buy goods that they do not need and possibly can not even use, the felony is compounded. There is no moral right to convert the resources of the earth into evil or useless trash. There is no moral right to convert Canadian pines into paper to be imprinted with the inanities of the comic book or the blood and lust of the 25-cent thriller. And the advertiser is morally bound to remember that what *can* be sold does not necessarily coincide exactly with what *should* be sold.

Dissipation by Diffusion

THE criticism which we have directed toward the advertising gentry, that of manipulating noble emotions for ignoble ends, might be directed with equal force toward newspapers and magazines in their handling of a certain type of story.

The story that we have reference to is the distressingly familiar story of Little Johnnie So-and-So

who is suffering from an incurable disease (why don't they say cancer?) and has only six weeks or two months or a year to live. Nine times out of ten, the story is accompanied by a picture of Little Johnnie, surrounded by his toys and obviously quite unaware of the nearness of his death.

We can justify this sort of story where the little victim lives in the town where the newspaper is published and where the stricken family is in need of some sort of help from people in the community. We had such a case in our town and the effect of the story was to help the little girl's mother across the financial chasm that had opened under her and to surround her with a protecting wall of community sympathy.

We object to this kind of story where, for instance, the victim lives in Los Angeles and the story appears in a Chicago paper. The effect of such a story in such circumstances is to focus human sympathy upon a situation which one is unable to do anything about, to arouse the desire to help in a situation where the desire is denied fulfillment. The repetition of such a thing leads, almost inevitably, to a callousing of sensitivity so that finally one becomes incapable of response even in situations where one can be helpful.

Human sympathy, like most beautiful things, is an exceedingly fragile thing. It can be destroyed by continual exposure to brutality and it can be killed just as easily by being diffused so widely that it finds no real object upon which to focus. The attempt to feel sorry, day after day, for every suffering person on the face of the earth leads finally to a kind of vague, misty humanitarianism which can weep with equal ease at the starvation of a Chinese infant and the illness of the child next door—but which, unfortunately, does nothing more than weep in either case.

Evening With a Bureaucrat

THIS being our first issue since the summer vacation, we must tell you about an evening we spent with some friends, at which the guest of honor was a Washington bureaucrat.

Oh, he was a smoothie, all right. He had his family along with him (at least he claimed that they were his wife and children) and he was driving a rather modest sort of car (probably had instructions to leave his limousine in the capital). After a supper of baked beans and sandwiches and iced tea, which he professed to enjoy, we sat out in the front yard for a while and talked about fishing, families, mutual friends, the election, and Korea. One thing we must say: these guys

keep themselves briefed on what we common people talk about. He even gave the impression that he was really interested in these things although, of course, his mind must have been miles away, back in Washington where his friends were probably, at that very moment, hitting their fifth or sixth cocktail party of the afternoon and getting ready for a big dance at the British embassy.

Finally the mosquitoes got so bad that we had to go inside and that gave him a chance to really hit the homey touch for all it was worth. Feigning concern for the Cubs, he turned on the ball game and followed it with apparently rapt attention, occasionally dropping remarks which were quite obviously designed to please his Midwestern audience. All in all, one could very easily get the impression that he was just another citizen trying to do a job, pay off the mortgage, and keep his children in shoes.

Fortunately, in our part of the country we have the world's greatest newspaper to keep us informed. No Washington poseur is going to take us in. Anyway, he tipped his hand when he turned on the radio. What honest citizen would tune in the Cubs' game when the Sox were playing?

Rugged Individualism, Ltd.

STILL catching up on the events of the summer, we have here three news reports which would tend to indicate that rugged individualism has lost some of its vitality in the collectivist atmosphere of our generation.

In Cleveland, Ohio, a man was arrested because he went out into the public streets wearing clothing of his own devising and very different from the sort of thing you find in gents' wear ads. It wasn't a case of indecent exposure or anything like that. The man simply wasn't wearing the sort of standardized stuff the adult American male usually wears in public. He didn't have to stay in custody very long, but we think it is significant that he was picked up at all. After all, it's a free country, ain't it?

In Indianapolis, Indiana, a lad appeared in school with a Mohawk haircut. (For the benefit of our older readers, we should explain that the Mohawk haircut involves shaving the head so as to leave only a narrow ridge of hair running the length of the head. It had something of a vogue among the hope-of-our-country set during the late Spring and early Summer.) School authorities sent the boy home with orders to stay at home until his hair grew back in. Again no question of law or morals was involved. The governing con-

sideration in this case was classroom decorum, the authorities maintaining that this peculiar haircut would tend to distract the attention of the students from whatever it is that they are supposed to be studying in the lower forms these days.

Finally we have the case of the Chicago citizen who got tired of asking the city government to repair some chuckholes in the street in front of his house and upped one day and filled them in himself. Whatever dreams he may have entertained of winning some sort of community service award or even the mere gratitude of city officials were rudely shattered when he received a summons to appear in court to answer to charges of illegally dumping on city property.

And then there was the case of those free-enterprising Texans who decided that they would like to attend the Republican national convention—but that's another story and much too involved to go into here.

Whatever each man can separately do, without trespassing upon others, he has a right to do for himself; and he has a right to a fair portion of all which society, with its combinations of skill and force, can do in his favour. In this partnership all men have equal rights; but not to equal things. . . . And as to the share of power, authority, and direction which each individual ought to have in the management of the state, that I must deny to be amongst the direct original rights of man in civil society. . . . It is a thing to be settled by convention.

EDMUND BURKE,
The State as Shared History and Tradition

The Case for the Parochial School

By JOHN STRIETELMEIER

THE first question asked of catechumens in the catechism of the Church of England is: "What is thy name?" Reflecting the intense practicality of the "nation of shopkeepers," the writers of the catechism took it for granted that if a child could not answer to his own name, there was little point in going into abstract questions on the meaning of the Creed, the nature of prayer, and the efficacy of the Sacraments.

The second question that the catechumens must answer is: "Who gave thee this name?" The response of the catechumen, "My godfathers and godmothers in my Baptism," establishes the child's right to his name. Felix Edward Algernon Smith receives his name from the Holy Christian Church in the Sacrament of Baptism and from that moment through all the eternities Felix E. A. Smith is Felix E. A. Smith—not Social Security Number 312-12-3884 or Army Serial Number 35578576 or Payroll Number 874 but Felix E. A. Smith; not a statistic, if you please, but a person.

Thus, in giving Her children their names at the time of their baptism, the Church asserts that that which is most peculiarly one's own—his name—is his by divine gift and right. This is not merely the name by which men will call him. This is the name by which God Himself will call him. Perhaps that is the reason why, in certain Christian societies, one's Christian name was considered so sacred that the privilege of using it in address was restricted by custom to members of the family and to intimate friends.

With this view of man—a view which sees even the new-born infant as an individual person individually related to his God—it is not surprising that the Church for centuries has insisted that the training of the baptized child remain under Her supervision and control until such time as the

child becomes mature enough to confirm or disavow the relationship with God which had been established on its behalf at its Baptism. Not even to the child's parents could the church concede an unlimited right to determine the type of training the child was to have, for the child could not "belong" to his parents as a dog might belong to its master. The child belongs to God and to no one else. Both the communion of saints and the family are divinely-established communities for the child's nurture and care. It is not Scriptural to say that the primary responsibility for the religious training of children rests upon their parents. For while it is true that fathers are commanded to rear their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, it is equally true that the Church was commanded to feed the lambs of Christ. Thus the primary responsibility for the religious training of children is shared jointly by the parents and by the Church.

It is important to recognize this joint locus of responsibility because such a recognition immediately disposes of some fallacious arguments which one constantly encounters in discussion of the function and purpose of elementary education. The argument that schools are merely agencies through which the parents or society does a job which parents are unable to do must obviously be ruled out of order if the Church is given a claim upon the child's training equal to that of the parents. The argument that schools are institutions primarily designed to prepare children for good citizenship in the community or the state must likewise be ruled out of order unless good citizenship is seen as a by-product of the Christian life. The argument that schools are devices for making it possible for children to develop their capacities and talents for the sake of their own happiness and success is equally unacceptable unless happiness and success are defined in specifically Christian terms. The argument advanced by President Conant of Harvard, that the elementary school is "the engine of democracy," is even more unacceptable for, desirable as democracy may be as a political philosophy, man is not born with the primary obligation of being a democrat. Man is born to fear, love, and trust in God above all things.

The fact that a very considerable segment of the church has abdicated its responsibility for the education of its children, or has been satisfied with a mere token discharge of its responsibility, does not in any way change the locus of the responsibility. Responsible church leaders will have to determine, each for himself, what sort

of answer they will give when their Lord asks them, someday, how well they discharged their duty to feed the lambs of Christ. They will have to justify, as best they can, their delegation of the educational task to the state. In human law, at least, the rule is "Delegatis non delegandum"—one to whom a responsibility is delegated may not delegate it.

But, many would object, the commission "Feed my lambs" applies only to the spiritual training of children. It involves only religious and moral indoctrination. It does not have to do with the secular disciplines, the three R's of traditional elementary education.

Such an objection is a) poor psychology; b) poor educational theory; and c) poor theology.

From the psychological standpoint, it is impossible to break man down into component parts. Man is matter, mind, and spirit, the three so intricately interwoven with each other that it is impossible to starve any one of them without killing the other two. The Greeks may have been able to conceive of the soul existing apart from the body. Christianity, with deeper insight into the essential nature of man, insists upon the resurrection of the body. But if these three elements in man are, indeed, essential to the survival of each other, it is obviously the whole man—the inseparable combination of matter, mind, and spirit—that is the object of education. When a child learns the multiplication table, it is not merely his mind that is involved in the learning process. It is also his body and his spirit. There is, as Mr. G. K. Chesterton has pointed out, a moral way and an immoral way of learning the multiplication table. If the educational theorists have not yet recognized that fact, we may trust from experience in other areas that, as psychology opens up more and more insights into the nature of man, this truth also (which the Church has known all along) will be stumbled over and hailed as one of the great discoveries of our age.

As a matter of fact, any able public school teacher or administrator would agree that the moral and spiritual nature of man is an essential part of the whole man. It is grossly unfair to use the argument of the amorality of public education as a justification for the parochial school. Thoughtful public school administrators are deeply concerned with the problem of giving adequate recognition to the spiritual nature of their pupils and have displayed remarkable ingenuity in devising ways for offering some sort of spiritual and moral training while, at the same time, staying on their side of the "wall of separation" between

Church and state which judicial interpretations have squeezed into the first amendment to the constitution of the United States. Thus we see public schools adopting such devices as daily Bible readings, silent prayers, and released time for religious instruction. Amazingly enough, the attempt by school-men to provide children with at least a few scraps of moral and spiritual training evokes, more often than not, the bitter opposition of church leaders and church publications. The *Christian Century* gets apoplexy every time it hears that God has been mentioned in a classroom.

Theologically, it is possible to contend that the Church's educational function involves only spiritual and moral matters *if—if* someone will provide us with a list of disciplines which are purely sacred and another list of disciplines which are purely secular. Is the art of reading a sacred art or a secular art? Is writing a sacred skill or a secular skill? The New Testament suggests no distinction between good things that are of God and good things that are of the world. What it does suggest is that whatever is done by man ought to be done heartily as unto the Lord (does that include long division?) and that all of the activities of man (including calisthenics) are sanctified by the word of God and by prayer. Of course, if one conceives of the Christian Faith as merely a set of historical facts and principles of conduct to be intellectually accepted or rejected, the activities of life fall rather neatly into sacred and secular compartments. It is only when one returns to the original definition of the Faith as a way of life that one can see the religious content of such everyday activities as eating, drinking, sleeping, dusting the house, playing tennis, and doing algebra. Perhaps that is why the liturgical churches, with their continuing emphasis upon the active presence of Christ in His mystical body through the Word and the Sacraments have been most faithful in fulfilling their mission to their children. It does make a difference, after all, whether children are considered tender branches drawing sustenance from a living vine or merely as offspring of dues-paying members of a religious association.

But what about the social consequences of parochial schooling? What happens within a society when first this group and then that group takes itself out of the general educational pattern and goes off on its own?

First of all, let's set the record straight. Long before any of our states had accepted the education of children as an obligation of the state, the Church was educating Her children. Public education is,

historically speaking, a late-comer upon the educational scene. Many a community had a Lutheran or Roman Catholic parochial school quite some time before it got its first public school. Education on all levels, from the elementary school to the university, originated in the Church. The present complaint of secularists that parochial schools are institutions divisive of our society recalls strikingly the old story of the camel sticking his neck into the Arab's tent and gradually moving in. The camel, at least, was gracious enough not to complain about the presence of the Arab in the tent.

But let us concede that history moves on and that however situations came to be as they are we ought to examine them from the perspective of our own age. If we do that, it must be admitted that the role of the parochial school in a monolithic society must, of necessity, be divisive. The defense which the Church can offer to such a charge is simply that the laws of God cannot be set aside because they happen to clash with the peculiar desires or viewpoints of an age or place. We have no divine injunction to devise and foster a unifying social myth as a means of building a unified society. The question of whether a unified society held together by a common set of political and social principles and inspired by a common set of heroes is a good thing or a bad thing is not pertinent to the present discussion. Good or bad, we have no divine command one way or the other with respect to it. We do have repeated commands to train our children in the way they ought to go.

But before we too readily admit the divisiveness of the parochial school in American society, let us first raise the question of whether the sort of monolithic social and political structure which is presently being put forward as the "traditional American way" is, in fact, the traditional American way. My reading of American history suggests that the gradual transformation of our federal system into a national system has been reflected socially in a subtle substitution of the ideal of uniformity for our fathers' ideal of diversity. It was not always assumed that all Americans ought to look alike, dress alike, think alike, speak alike, and give every child the same kind of education. For a very long time, the "man who thought differently" held an honored place in our society. Indeed a great deal of the surging vitality of the United States derives from extremist individuals and groups of one sort or another who acted either as irritants or as stimulants to the mass of the people. It was the rubbing to-

gether of unlike ethnic and religious and social and language groups that fashioned here in the United States a richly cosmopolitan culture. The various churches which entered upon that scene were quick to accept and appreciate the good things that they found within that culture and those churches that established parochial schools were among the most fervent admirers of and propagandizers for the good things in American life. As a matter of fact, some critics of the churches have contended that the churches embraced too fervently and too uncritically the basic assumptions of American political and economic and social theory.

Whether that criticism is true or not, it is true that Lutheran and Roman Catholic parochial schools (and these two churches account for practically all of the parochial schools in the United States) have been as fervent, and at times as uncritical, exponents of the American Way of Life as have any of the public school systems. The criticism that the parochial school is divisive can be sustained, therefore, on only one or both of two counts: 1) that the religious emphasis of these schools injects a discordant note into American life and culture or 2) that the autonomy of these schools weakens the public educational system.

As far as the first charge is concerned, it has already been noted above that the religious emphasis of these schools is not merely a matter of choice on the part of the church bodies that support them but a matter of obedience to the will of God. When the Church is actually doing the task assigned Her and doing it well, She is necessarily going to irritate society, whether that society happens to be American, Swedish, Patagonian, or Russian. If the irritation is annoying enough, society will react by attempting to throttle the Church. It is not the primary duty of the Church to avoid being persecuted.

The second charge, that the autonomy of these schools weakens the public educational system, has been often advanced but never substantiated. Members of churches which support parochial schools are not exempted from supporting the public schools with their tax dollars and there has been no serious attempt to claim such exemption. Seldom do parochial schools attempt to draw pupils away from the public schools. In numerous instances, the parochial schools have faced the problem of deciding what to do when children of non-church members seek to be enrolled in the parochial school in preference to the public school. From the standpoint of standards, both of

curriculum and educational plants, parochial schools have generally shown a disposition to conform to the requirements of the public educational system and have, in numerous instances, gone beyond these requirements.

Indeed the difficulties which the public educational system have been forced to work under for years make it hard to foresee how such systems would be able to handle the additional load of pupils presently attending parochial schools if these schools were closed up and their pupils transferred to public schools. Certainly the closing of the parochial schools would not provide any additional tax revenues for the public educational system nor would their teachers normally be acceptable as teachers in the public school system. And so it is accurate to say that at least in our own time, the willingness of some church bodies to support with tax money an institution of whose services they do not avail themselves might very properly be called a kind of educational philanthropy of which the public schools are the beneficiary.

Briefly to sum up, then, the case for the parochial schools rests, first of all, upon the Church's contention that She shares jointly with parents the responsibility for rearing the children of Her communion in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. She contends that since it is impossible to train "the whole man" without recognizing the inseparability of matter, mind, and spirit, an education which is forced by necessity to ignore the claims of the spirit can not permit an adequate discharge of Her divinely-appointed obligations. But the Church recognizes also the interests of society and the state in the training of children and undertakes to further the legitimate interests of both society and the state in the training which She provides in the parochial school. And all of this She does without detracting from the educational revenues of the state and without attempting to weaken community support of the public educational system.

In return, the Church asks only to be let alone in Her work. If all of this be a disservice to the state, let Dr. Conant and other critics of the parochial school say openly that it is the Church Herself to which they object. Then the lines will be clearly drawn between those who assert that "the Lord, He is God" and those who assert that "the State, it is God."

Toward a Greater Ministry

The Role of the Seminaries

By MARTIN MARTY

SEMINARIANS can be forgiven if they wince a bit as they speak the Collect for the Church, praying that God's Word "as becometh it may not be bound, but have free course and be preached to the joy and edifying of Christ's holy people." For they know that they stand in a real sense in the center of that prayer. If they are students, they intend to serve God's people with that Word. If they are teachers, they are already situated between the Word and people. Students and teachers can do nothing worse than to stand in the way of the free course of this Word, to be responsible for binding it. They are to bring the Word and yet stay out of its way. They carry a two-edged sword, and are tempted to sheathe its sharpness. They are to channel the message—there is danger that they may dam it.

Since seminary life does not exist for its own sake, but for the Church's, every moment and movement at the seminary looks beyond the school's halls and walls out to Christ's holy people. These people, seminarians are aware, have a right to be interested in the role of the seminaries, to expect a great deal of the institutions where ministers are trained in a special way, for to "whom men have committed much, of him they will ask the more." Because the men and women of the various denominations support and depend upon seminaries for their pastors they cannot be content with less than the best of schools.

For the seminary represents the final formal training of most churchmen; at graduation most students cut the umbilical cord of academics. The attitudes of these formative years tend to become permanent, to affect the service of men to the Church.

Most lay people, of course, are not expected to busy themselves or be greatly concerned with every detail about their seminaries such as minor curricular matters, athletic programs, testing methods, length of training, the architecture and plumbing of the cam-

puses, faculty personnel, and window-fastenings. They are expected to concern themselves with the basis, direction, and orientation of seminary existence, for this determines to a large degree the nature of ability and consecration of their future servants. Laymen and alumni may use every means in their power to be aware of all this, to interest themselves. On the other hand, they must be patient with experiment, tolerant of free research and free expression at the schools.

At the same time, while seminaries smart slightly from within their glass-house existences, they dare not let that deter them from the task of preparing a greater ministry of pastors, teachers, publishers, missionaries, counsellors, chaplains, specialists. The title of this article implies that the ministry has been great: the very survival of the preaching office into our times is a witness to that. Meanwhile, it also implies that the ministry has room for improvement: the untouched millions, a secularized society, and a feeble-speaking Church illustrate that room.

While the Gospel treasure will assuredly be presented "in earthen vessels," never golden, the seminaries can do a good bit to limit cracks and leakage in the vessels while still in the process of their creation. It is the purpose of these pages* to outline several lines along which seminaries could move in order to serve well "toward a greater ministry." Each of these lines sharpens the contrast between seminaries and universities, a contrast often forgotten at the former.

i

The first of these lines involves the recognition that "education" at a seminary is not really and simply that, but should be *initiation.* The theology taught and the life lived at seminaries then recognize that there is a sacred Mystery, that man at the first stands apart from it, that for all his piety and wit no one can ever have completed his course, can never be "initiated" like men in other realms can be "educated."

Initiation is not an individual matter, but is in a sense cultic, an activity of the community. This community stands apart from the divine Mystery at the first because the soul of the seminary-family, like the soul of the individual (in Luther's phrase), is a "poor little harlot with a sackful of sins," standing "before a rich bridegroom, Christ." Yet seminaries also house the new men in Christ, and thus the broken spirits with which they begin tend to become rich

*This cannot pretend to be a comprehensive study. It is merely a summary of recent expression of many young men of the Church at several seminaries.

spirits. Out of the rich spirits grow creative communities where teachers and students share in devoting themselves totally to this initiation in atmospheres where love is dominant in all relationships.

That is what makes a seminary necessary to the life of the Church. Man standing alone cannot stand in the same situation, ask the same questions, share the same glimpses of answers. Just as the Christian life is a congregational, communal affair, so, too, theological study is the work of the Church, not of individuals. If this were not true it would be more profitable for many seminarians (again both teachers and students) to do isolated, independent, and private research, responsible to no one. The existence of seminaries and separate divinity schools at universities recognizes this necessity of forming communities of initiates if there is to be initiation at all.

The center of these communities is their chapels and altars. William the Pious in the Charter of the Cluny Monastery said "the venerable house of prayer which is there shall be faithfully frequented, and heavenly conversation shall be sought after with all desire, and with the deepest ardor." Where this is not true a seminary is simply a secular academic institution at which religious subjects happen to be taught.

Likewise if the seminary program were simply "education," the center of seminary existence would fall. For education implies that the answers are all in the students; if they are properly stimulated, self-development of the natural powers will prepare them for their work. While seminaries must employ many methods and techniques of education, they recognize that answers to the theological question are outside of the students, and their prayer, sharing, and research leads toward them. Education asks "where from?"; initiation asks, "where to?"

Initiation recognizes the realm of divine Mystery and proceeds in awe toward it; thus the ideal seminary would be a shoe-less society because the procession—it cannot afford to be a haphazard stroll—towards the Mystery is undergone on Holy Ground. On that ground the sacred arts and sciences are cultivated. (A seminary in the etymological sense is the place where something is nurtured).

In a sense, an emphasis on nurture and initiation need not be limited to theologians; the philosophers have it too. But within Christianity from the first the sacred depth has had to be taken seriously, the mystery approached reverently. Otherwise the vicious presumption may be made that the end of seminary education is "to know the geography of heaven

and hell, the furniture of one and the temperature of the other" (Niebuhr), and to warrant arrogant proclamation thereof on the part of graduates.

ii

If initiation is to be the seminary's direction, then the Initiator is of ultimate importance. That means that if a greater ministry is the conscious goal of a seminary, the Church itself must take ever more seriously *the role of the Holy Spirit.* For it is here that God "goes out from Himself," grasps man, turns him from his own center, and leads him to a new life. That new life is the subject-matter of seminary curricula. Since it concerns the very center of each seminarian's existence, he is embarked on a life-long quest, "asking the theological question." He cannot escape it by leaving the seminary; he can know no other existence, says Paul Tillich, even if he should set himself in opposition to his own seminary's life and thought. He cannot escape the questions the Spirit asks whether he flees anywhere on earth or remains in the uttermost parts of the seminary.

The Spirit of God makes seminary life in its pure sense thrilling; the Spirit testifying to man's spirit introduces an exciting element of discovery and joy at many points down the line as it confronts the human spirit with the divine Gift. At the same time at many points down the line the Holy Spirit also withholds and limits; it is this that seminaries must learn to a greater degree. It is this that requires awe and reverence, and at the same time paradoxically implants a spirit of criticism that permits man to stand in-and-out of this life. He is then involved "with infinite passion" and detached with infinite detachment as he views his existence in the light of the Word in Christ, in the Old and New Testaments, in nature, history, and the life of the Church.

So far we have largely discussed the involvement. The detachment which stands at the other pole, and which we just mentioned, is the greater difficulty. It is strangely easy for prejudice, intolerance, self-contentment, and lack of the critical spirit to grow at seminaries. In truth, the better one knows God, the more he recognizes unfathomables. It is the temptation of seminaries to forget this, to fall into either the error of liberalism which pretends there is no unfathomable, or the error of orthodoxy which tends to concretize and catalog its explanations of mysteries and store them in its icebox. The self-certainty of both is fatal. Both forget that "now we know in part" and see through a glass, darkly. We might

paraphrase Peter Marshall to illustrate the plight of the seminarian at this point: he is too Christian to really enjoy his ignorance and too ignorant to really enjoy his Christianity. Discontent with limitations, the greater temptation is, like Adam, to try to be like God.

"We should not move until we have observed whether it be God or nature that is working in us" (Suso). That is the seminary's problem in connection with the Divine Spirit testifying to man's own. The answer to the problem is in the classic hymn for seminaries, *Veni Creator Spiritus,* "Come, Creator Spirit."

The Creator Spirit will guide toward truth in all branches of theology as man has divided them. The first branch, the *historical,* includes the Scriptures, for they are "the crib wherein Christ lieth," church history, and the history of man and culture. This is basic because Christianity is a revealed religion, involving tradition and a tradition. Seminaries must recognize ever more that history is not just a number of facts in the past tense, but that in history the divine Spirit also works.

Secondly, *systematic* theology, which includes the methodical exposition of the contents of the Christian faith, the dialog with reason, ethics, apologetics, and dogmatics, presents the greatest temptation for seminaries to regard faith as belief in doctrines, and theological attainment the familiarity with a great number of these doctrines. Where the Spirit is taken seriously, systematics becomes alive and mysterious.

Finally, *practical* theology, the maligned sister of the other two, is the important bridge or means which applies those same two to the life of the Church. Conceived statically, practical theology would simply be a presentation of casuistry, "common sense," and parish-reminiscences. Where the Spirit is regarded, the search for principles behind Christian communication is sought. Then the Christian ministry will not be thought of as salesmanship and practical theology the preoccupation with salesmanly techniques. Rather it recognizes the Word as gift, is oriented toward "Christ's Holy People."

iii

There, with *people,* is where we began; there, too, seminaries must begin and end. For it remains true that one cannot give to these people what one does not possess; the seminary which does not develop possessors of the Spirit has not developed dispensers of the Spirit, even though they may preach and teach for their lifetimes. "You cannot carry God in your vest-pocket and pull Him out at will," says Karl Barth. Any-

thing less than permanent, continual, and total commitment to the Spirit is a costly neutrality. People who hear uncommitted, unconcerned pastors and teachers will hear only voices of men, men who confuse the echoes of their voices with the Word of God.

Beyond Christ's Holy People are the non-Christian masses whom churchmen face. The seminary must guide seminarians to the language of translation to these, for here especially must one be able to interpret existence creatively. To the weak, says Paul, the pastor must be as one weak, to win the weak. Here too the principle of initiation in seminary training has its place. For no other single block stands in the way between pastor and prospect more stubbornly than that of the theological arrogance of those merely "educated." Just as awareness of one's own sinfulness elicits patience toward fellow sinners with whom one deals, so awareness of theological limitations brings forth understanding toward others who are limited. That includes all men, from Doctor of Theology to disinterested neighbor.

That means that if seminaries are truly concerned about the others who are not of the Christian fold, they will not be afraid of paths to which free research and a bold spirit of inquiry might lead. They will not suppress independent thought. While the seminarian is both concerned *and* critical, he dare not permit his concern to exclude his discernment. If he does, he contributes toward making of his seminary a greenhouse of the faith which develops men and women who end up knowing only how to speak to themselves and to each other.

The theological arrogance that permits of no possibility of limitation is truly dangerous. The little girl who is afraid at night at grandmother's house but not at home because "that's my own darkness" has nothing on the seminary that is at home with its own darkness. Both sleep well and cozily if the darkness is familiar. Neither needs light, nor feels need of it.

Seminaries that are not afraid of the truth on the steps toward truth, seminaries that are involved, will be serving "toward a greater ministry." For, when heaven was last heard from, it was, for those who continued in God's Word, the truth, that made men free. Even though now the dark glass is there, and seminarians know in part, *"the Spirit will guide you into all truth."*

What Shall I Do With Whittaker Chambers?

An essay review of "Witness," by Whittaker Chambers (Random House, $5.00)

By CARL ALBERT GIESELER

WHY should I do anything about Whittaker Chambers? Who is he and what is his book to me? Naturally, you need do nothing about him and his production. But there are those, in not inconsiderable number, who have done something about this confessional autobiography: who have read it, who are discussing it, praising it, condemning it, or are endeavoring to arrive at a sane appraisal of this currently most controversial book.

It may not be "one of the most remarkable human documents ever published," as an advertisement states, but the *New York Times* reviewer may not be far from the truth when he characterizes it as "one of the most significant autobiographies of the twentieth century." There must be something unusual about an eight-hundred-page, three hundred and fifty thousand word book which climbs during the month of June from thirteenth to first place in the non-fiction (some say it is fiction) best seller list; which is made the June selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club; which is condensed in a fifty thousand word, ten section serial in the *Saturday Evening Post;* and which is reviewed by numerous professional reviewers, philosophers, historians and other analysts. Your humble servant has listened to as many of these reviewers as came to his attention, after perusing the *Post* articles and devouring the eight hundred pages in a matter of days, not only from a sense of duty but also because of the tight grip in which the book holds the reader. This article then will be, at least in part, a review of reviews. Some of these are favorable, most of them are sympathetic, and a few are skeptical or outright hostile.

A Review of Reviews

IT COULD be expected that *Time* would give a book of a former *Time* senior editor about ten col-

umns with illustrations and with the title "Publican and Pharisee," printing this Biblical parable as an introduction to its book review. In five pages of *The Saturday Review* Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., gives his impressions, partly appreciative and partly critical. In the same (May) issue there are four brief reviews: "Mr. Chambers' Descent into Hell" by John Don Passos and "Plea for an Anti-Communist Faith" by Vice-Presidential Nominee Richard M. Nixon, Senator from California and member of the House Un-American Activities Committee, which first probed the Hiss case. Both of these are favorable. Then "Chambers' Litmus Paper Test" by Richard B. Morris, critical, and "A Long Work of Fiction" by Charles Alan Wright, definitely hostile.

In *The New York Times Book Review* of May 25 Sidney Hook writes the lead review under the title "The Faiths of Whittaker Chambers" and subheads it "His Many-Faceted Autobiography Sheds Light on Our Complex and Tragic Times."

The Atlantic Monthly for June brings us "Whittaker Chambers" by Rebecca West (whose "The Meaning of Treason" Chambers once wrote up as a *Time* cover story). She considers the Hiss-Chambers affair "another dervish trial" like the Dreyfus trial in France in the nineties.

Other important reviews are found in *The Reporter:* "Lives and Deaths of Whittaker Chambers" by Max Ascoli; in *The Commonweal:* "Whittaker Chambers: Witness" by John Cogli; in *Harper's:* "The Trial and the Witness" by Charles Poore; in *Human Events:* "Witness" by William Henry Chamberlin; and so almost *ad infinitum.*

Some of the opinions expressed will be used as we look at the book itself from various angles.

Chambers as a Writer

THERE seems to be unanimity on one point among friend and foe: Whittaker Chambers is a writer. This we would conclude when reading of his rise in the literary world. At first a translator, especially of books in German, which he speaks fluently, then a staff member of the *Daily Worker* and the *New Masses,* he was given a position through a friend on *Time* magazine. Here he was shunned by most of his fellow workers, members of the Communist controlled Newspaper Guild, and received little help from his superior editors. From a book reviewer he rose to become one of the seven senior editors. He authored the cover stories on Marian Anderson, Arnold Toynbee, Reinhold Niebuhr, and others, and later was lent to *Life* to write some of the articles on

the development of Western Man. In spite of the shuddering opposition of his fellow-editors, he finally was made senior editor of the much coveted Foreign News section. Suspicion of him in the *Time* family changed to admiration and confidence.

"Now a truly wonderful thing began to happen to me . . . little by little people began to open my office door at *Time,* which in my own need few had ever opened. They would sit down, and after a rambling preamble, suddenly confide to me some distress that was destroying their peace and their lives."

Editor-in-Chief Henry R. Luce became his friend and compared his "conversion" to the man born blind, whose sight Jesus restored. He applied to Chambers the words of the Lord: "Neither this man's nor his parents' is the sin, but that the works of God might be made manifest."

Charles Poore describes "Witness" as "this very long, very skillfully written book, covering communism, farming, family, and life at *Time*. . . . I don't see how even his most scornful enemies can fail to be moved by it, as they were moved by the plight of Hiss, in compassion." Willard Edwards speaks of "the emergence of a new author of great talent," John Cogley of "the overblown ripeness of the prose," and Wm. Henry Chamberlin of "the greatest book written by a contemporary American." Max Ascoli gives Chambers an "A" as a story teller, a "C" as a philosopher of contemporary history, and a "D" as a theologian.

An Introspective Story

THE Foreword of the book is a touching "Letter to My Children," followed by a long flashback of Chambers' "Flight" from Communism. Then the story is told in chronological order, "painfully sketching the personal sins and follies of a weak man." He assures us: "I have made no attempt to report them in full or in detail." But there are details aplenty, some seemingly trivial, some horrible to read, all told to give background and reason for the actions of this specimen of twentieth century man. We can mention just a few bare highlights of the life of this anguished soul.

He was born in Long Island, the older of two sons in an unhappy and quarrel-filled home. After finishing high school he ran away from home and did heavy, manual work in Washington and New Orleans. Later he attended Columbia University with several interruptions. Some of his college reading and a trip to Germany "reeling from inflation, readying for revolution" turned him to Communism, where he thought he had found "faith and vision

in a dying world." He was at various times both an underground and an aboveground worker. The many names and pseudonyms of fellow-communists in the various "apparatuses" (spy rings) are quite confusing at first reading. Among contacts with people close to high government officials there were Alger and Priscilla Hiss, with whom Whittaker and Esther Chambers became very friendly, into whose apartment they moved, whose discarded Ford car they used (given by Hiss to the Party, according to Chambers' testimony), and whom Chambers later tried to induce to follow him in his break from Communism. For more than a year Chambers and his family lived at several out of the way places in fear of their lives. In the darkest hour with less than fifty cents in his pocket came the rescuing position with *Time*. Two years later he bought a farm, on which there was still a debt when he began writing this book.

Now follow "The Tranquil Years" which did not remain tranquil very long. He had no rest until he followed the urgings of his conscience to reveal what he knew of communistic secret activity in our government circles. His attempt to take his confession and information directly and personally to Franklin D. Roosevelt was unsuccessful. The closest that he could get to the President was Adolf A. Berle, Assistant Secretary of State. Berle took his notes of the interview with Chambers to Roosevelt in the "witch-hunt," "red-herring" days. The President laughed, as later "Vishinsky was kept laughing all one night in scorn at the peace proposals of the West." At the following election Roosevelt would say at the whistle stops: "If you work for *Time*, you're a hero. If you work for the State Department, you're a heel."

Then in rapid succession come the hearings before the House Un-American Activities Committee, the grand jury hearings, the attempted suicide of Chambers, his resignation from *Time*, the first and the second Hiss trials with the conviction of Hiss for perjury.

A "D" in Theology

WHY did Chambers break with Communism? He answers that he gradually learnt to recognize it as "an evil thing." In fact, he claims that no one can actually break with it without having "a religious experience." "Christianity is faith in God. Communism is faith in Man." It is this *tertium non datur* which is being attacked by many secularistic book reviewers. Chamberlin, who considers "Witness" a great book, writes: "The only possible answer to the Communist chal-

lenge is faith in God. This assertion is too sweeping and dogmatic. For Communism can certainly be rejected on purely rational grounds." But those of us with a Christian *Weltanschauung* will agree with General MacArthur that the problems of the world are "theological," also the Communistic problem.

Of the conversion of Chambers to a certain kind of Christianity there can be no doubt. He is definitely a mystic. "Man without mysticism is a monster." He hears voices. But so did Joan of Arc and Adolf Hitler, comments Schlesinger. He was instructed and baptized in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine and confirmed by the late Bishop Manning. "At that point, I opened the *Journal* of George Fox, the founder of Quakerism." Eventually Chambers and his wife and children joined the Pipe Creek Monthly Meeting of Friends near their farm. He tells us that *Les Miserables,* especially the Bishop of Digne, taught him Christianity, meaning Christian virtues. How extensive his instruction for baptism and confirmation was, he does not say. There is a high place for God in his religion, but Christ is hardly mentioned in the description of his own Christianity. We know that this is a deduction *e selentio.* We hope that this deeply repentant man has found Him through whom alone there is forgiveness. He evidently knows his Bible and is a student of Dostoyevsky, Barth, Niebuhr and Kierkegaard. One of his favorite quotations is the words of the latter: "Between man's purposes in time and God's purpose in eternity, there is an infinite qualitative difference."

The Book's Authenticity

THE principal question is: how believable is this story? There are contradictions. The Communist menace is described as real. Still, much of the espionage work of the underground was "a waste of time and effort," because "the secrets of foreign offices are notoriously overrated." But we do not join in the "moral lynching" of Chambers, as Don Passos calls it. We agree with Sidney Hook of *The New York Times Book Review:* "The internal evidence of this book is so overwhelmingly detailed and cumulative, it rings with such authenticity, that it is extremely unlikely any reasonable person will remain unconvinced by it." Congressman F. Edward Hebert of the House Committee said during the first Hiss case: "Some of the greatest saints in history were pretty bad before they were saints. Are you going to take away their sainthood because of their previous lives? Are you not going to believe them after they have reformed?"

Chambers tells the most horrible experiences, like the near-to-death beating of his brother by his father, and describes his deepest affections, especially for his wife and children, with equal candor. His reluctance to accuse Hiss of espionage rings true. John Cogley suggests: "Some day perhaps Alger Hiss will write a book." We wonder.

In the meantime every one of us must do something with Whittaker Chambers. All we would urge is that we do not condemn him unheard. Alfred P. Klausler, managing editor of *The Walther League Messenger for Youth* suggests "Witness" for summer reading. But whenever we read it, he says: "Anyway, here is your chance to act as judge in a crucial debate of our time: Communism versus Christianity or God versus Man."

The maladministration of a democratic magistrate is a mere isolated fact, which only occurs during the short period for which he is elected. Corruption and incapacity do not act as common interests, which may connect men permanently with one another. A corrupt or an incapable magistrate will not concert his measures with another magistrate, simply because that individual is as corrupt and as incapable as himself; and these two men will never unite their endeavours to promote the corruption and inaptitude of their remote posterity. The ambition and the manoeuvres of the one will serve, on the contrary, to unmask the other. The vices of a magistrate, in democratic states, are usually peculiar to his own person.

ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE,
Democracy in America

Letter From Xanadu, Nebraska

Dear Editor:

WELL, we've been to Mexico City, Mexico, and back since I wrote you last and all I can say is it's sure good to be back. We found the natives very friendly and Mrs. G. had a wonderful time shopping for native goods (which we discovered after we unpacked them at home were mostly made in Occupied Japan), but it was kind of creepy being surrounded by all of those people jabbering Mexican. Of course, you can't hardly expect them to talk English when they haven't even got enough schools to handle the kids.

It was really something to see the way that city is booming. But it's sort of funny, too. Here they are building all of these new office buildings and apartment houses but right downtown on the main square they have an old beat-up cathedral that must be 400 years old if it's a day. You'd think that they could find some money somewhere to build themselves a new cathedral or at least put a new front on the old one. Of course, I understand that the government isn't too friendly toward the church so maybe that's the reason why they can't get a new cathedral.

We spent a whole week just in Mexico City, so I feel that I got to know the country pretty well. We stayed at the best hotel in town and I had a chance to talk to quite a few Americans who have been in the country for a long time and I learned as much from them in a week as I could have learned from books in a year. What I'd like to do now is take a day off sometime soon and write an article on the subject: "A Farm Implement Dealer's Answer to Mexico's Problems." Would you have space for it in the CRESSET if the *Saturday Evening Post* doesn't want it?

I was only sorry that Homer couldn't make the trip with us. A part of the deal that Homer got at the university was a job as lifeguard at the estate of one of the rich alumni who happens to be quite a football fan. Actually, I guess you couldn't really call it a job because Homer doesn't really have anything to do, but you know with this purity code and all the colleges can't just up and hand a football player a paycheck so they have to work out these

respectable dodges. His boss told him that he could take off to go along with us if he wanted to but evidently Homer has things made where he is. He's in solid with the convertible and crew-cut crowd and he's already had nibbles from the best fraternities on the campus.

Now I've got to get myself in gear for this doggoned building program here. I don't know whether I told you or not that we've finally decided to forget about the prayer chapel and just build a gymnasium. To tell the truth, I don't know why we planned to build a prayer chapel in the first place. We've already got a church and you can always pray at home but this town never has had a decent place for bowling or basketball.

We had a little trouble talking Zeitgeist out of the chapel but when we finally told him "no statues, no chapel" he got mad and said, "All right, then, no chapel." He's still mad, of course, but he'll get over it. Anyway, he's not going to do anything about it because he's hankering for a call to one of the prep schools and it wouldn't do his chances any good if he had trouble here in the congregation. (Incidentally, the call he's trying to get is to teach general science and music and coach baseball. I'm just a layman, but is it actually possible for one man to be capable along all three of those lines? And why does he have to be a preacher?)

But I'd better be getting to the point of this letter before I run out of space. The committee is planning to have a ground-breaking ceremony on the 21st of September, partly because you always have something like this when you start building and partly also so that we can have another chance to relieve the brethren of a few dollars. We need a speaker and we tried to get Frank Leahy but his fee was too high so now we're on a spot and we wonder whether you would be willing to do it. You could talk on something like "The Golden Rule and Sportsmanship" or whatever else you think might be appropriate for the occasion. Naturally we are trying to keep expenses down so we couldn't offer you anything except your expenses but it would be a nice chance for you to get out here and meet some of our people. Maybe you could even pick up a couple of subscriptions while you're here. Will you please let me know by night-letter whether you can make it?

Hopefully,
G. G.

P.S.—I forgot to mention above that your expenses would include coach fare. I tried to get the committee to approve Pullman but they didn't feel that they could afford it. G.G.

Music AND MUSIC MAKERS

Music Bows to Ancient Greece

[CONCLUDED]

By WALTER A. HANSEN

As early as the seventh century before Christ a man named Archilochus brought about a startling innovation in the art of accompanying, with instrumental tones, the recitation and singing of words. Before his time the instrumental accompaniment was invariably in unison with the vocal intonation or melody. But Archilochus instituted different—dissenting—tones in the instrumental background. Some say that this was the beginning of polyphony, or many-voiced music; others believe that it is wrong to speak of Archilochus' innovation as one of the precursors of counterpoint. Plato, in his *Laws,* calls it heterophony. This is a good word—a word conveying as exactly as possible the meaning Plato had in mind. But I wonder whether the famous philosopher, were he to come alive today, would discern a sharp line of demarcation between heterophony and polyphony. After all, it is futile to argue about any subtle differences between what we call polyphony and what Plato, who saw fit to give special emphasis to the pedagogical value of music, chose to designate as heterophony.

Counterpoint, as it has been employed by composers for several hundred years, often does exactly what the word "heterophony" connotes. Frequently it involves a struggle, so to speak, between and among melodies. Often, of course, it goes its way in a harmonious relationship of the finest type. I disagree with those musicologists who deny that the art of polyphony was completely unknown—at least in an embryonic form—to the ancient Greeks. In fact, I believe that the germs of counterpoint must have come into being long before the age of Pericles.

The Hellenes of old laid much

stress on the art—yes, let us use the word "art" in this connection —of using one's leisure time profitably and properly. Sleep, they argued, was one of the finest types of leisure. Some included drinking, and nearly everyone stressed music. In the opinion of many, dancing, too, had a prominent place in the art of leisure.

Aristotle, in his *Poetics,* declared that nature herself has enjoined upon mankind the duty of "being busy properly" and of "being at leisure in a beautiful way." One should *learn* music—not necessarily to *perform* it but, in any case, to *enjoy* it. "If music," wrote Aristotle, "should be used to promote cheerfulness and refined intellectual enjoyment, the objection still remains: Why should we ourselves learn instead of enjoying the performances of others? We may illustrate what we are saying by our conception of the gods; for in the poets Zeus does not himself sing or play on the lyre. Nay, we call professional musicians vulgar."

Yes, it is true that some Greeks spoke of professional musicians as vulgar. But this does not mean that everyone who assumed such an attitude did not, and could not, *enjoy* music. The famous Alcibiades evidently did not have a warm spot in his heart for the tonal art. Plutarch tells us that Alcibiades refused to study music. "Let the sons of the Thebans," declared Alcibiades, "play the aulos; they cannot converse."

I have mentioned Alcibiades for the purpose of pointing out that ancient Greece, like the world in which we live today, had its unmusical souls. Perhaps the redoubtable Alcibiades was tone-deaf. Who knows? At all events, it is wrong—tragically wrong—to assume out of hand that every denizen of ancient Athens was either a musician or a connoisseur of music.

But the Arcadians had a law which required every citizen to study music up to his thirtieth year. They were proud of this law. Polybius tells us that when the Arcadians feasted they did not *hire* musicians but did their own singing. From earliest childhood the Arcadian boys learned to sing hymns and paeans to the gods in the ancestral way. Music, says Polybius, is helpful to everyone; but to the Arcadians it is a necessity.

In Sparta, in Thebes, and in Athens everyone was expected to learn to play the aulos and to engage in choral singing. This does not imply that every Spartan, every Theban, or every Athenian became proficient in music; but it does mean that the regulations laid down with regard to the study of the tonal art and with regard to what particular types were to be stressed gave proof that the

GERMAN ART
The Artist's Sister Sleeping
Adolph von Menzel

GERMAN ART
Christ and the Adulteress
Lucas Cranach

GERMAN ART

Madonna and Child and St. Anne

Albrecht Duerer

GERMAN ART
Lamenting Angel
Matthias Gruenewald

GERMAN ART

Spring Landscape with Two Children in a Field of Flowers

Caspar David Friedrich

GERMAN ART

Woman Seated at the Piano

Adolph von Menzel

GERMAN ART

Three Old Women

Adolph von Menzel

GERMAN ART

Rest on the Flight to Egypt

Philipp Otto Runge

Greeks, on the basis of actual experience, set great store by music.

Musical Therapy

Even musical therapy was not unknown to the ancient Hellenes. Aristotle, in complete agreement with many a physician and psychiatrist of our time, maintained that judiciously selected melodies could be helpful in treating persons in states of frenzy or in similar overwrought conditions. And Athenaeus, a grammarian who lived in the third century before Christ, stated rather confidently that "persons afflicted with sciatica could always be free from its attacks if one played the pipes in the Phrygian *harmonia* over the parts affected." Naturally, we have no way of knowing how many of Athenaeus' readers believed him or how many thought that he himself was a bit overwrought when he wrote those words.

Someone might decide to take our friend from ancient Athens to a program of quarter-tone music—a program made of compositions by, let us say, Ernest Bloch, Alois Haba, and Hans Barth. Would our Athenian be completely flabbergasted? Not at all. He would tell us, with a justifiable amount of pride, that his fellow-Greeks knew a thing or two about microtonality, even though they did not use quarter-tones in what may be called a scientifico-musical manner.

Although we cannot credit the Hellenes with the development of musical form as we know it today, we have every right to take for granted that the sense of balance and proportion which came to the fore with extraordinary and exemplary effectiveness in their writings, their paintings, their sculpture, and their architecture could not have been lacking in their music. Think, for example, of the dithyramb—which may be regarded as a forerunner of the oratorio—and of the choruses in the Greek plays.

What about program music—music which, in its own way, paints a picture or tells a story? Was it completely unknown to the Greeks? If we should take our Athenian friend to hear a performance of Richard Strauss's *Don Quichote* or Jean Sibelius' *Pohjola's Daughter,* tell him to read the program notes, and then ask him, "Did you ever hear music that tells a story?" he would reply, "In 596 B.C. there lived a piper named Sakadas who won a prize at the Pythian games because he had written a five-part composition—a demonstration *(deloma)*—of Apollo's fight with the dragon. Sakadas' prize-winning work dealt with the preparation, the challenge, the fight, the song of praise, and the victory dance. Wasn't that

program music?" Our answer would have to be yes. How could we, even if we tried ever so hard, argue away the fact that the ancient Greeks, too, knew something about what we have come to call programmatic or descriptive music?

Unfortunately, only eleven examples of Greek music—some of them fragmentary—have been handed down to us. Among them are two hymns to Apollo, dating from the second century before Christ and engraved in stone on the treasury of the Athenians in Delphi; a drinking song engraved on a tomb stele at Tralles, in Asia Minor; three hymns of Mesomedes —to Helios, to Nemesis, and to the Muse—from the second century after Christ. Only one of the extant compositions is instrumental. The Greeks considered choral music the highest type of musical art.

But our great debt to ancient Greece, so far as the tonal art is concerned, is not to be found in the Greek compositions that have come down to us; it is to be found, above all, in the example which Greek art, as a whole, has given to us, and still gives. I am referring, in particular, to the directness and simplicity characteristic of Greek art at its finest, and to the extraordinary sense of balance and measure it exemplifies. In addition, one must lay special stress on the fact that for many years composers have found inspiration in the mythology of the Greeks and in the wonderful literature of Hellas.

Those who enter the marvelous domain of the art and the literature of Hellas of old are impelled to say with John Keats:

> Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
> When a new planet swims into his ken.

Unhappily, the sounds made by the voices of the Greeks and by the musical instruments that were used in Greece have perished forever. But we do hear distinct echoes of those sounds in the wonderful literary legacy the Hellenes have bequeathed to us. And many of those who composed music long after the days when ancient Hellas was in flower learned, some directly and some indirectly, from the Greeks.

One of the hall marks of greatness in art is simplicity. Let me remind you of the marvelous simplicity that characterizes one of the greatest short stories ever written: Homer's account, in the *Iliad,* of the parting of Hector from his wife Andromache and his little son Astyanax. This is great art—art couched in the utmost simplicity and directness of expression. This is art that conceals art.

Simplicity and directness in art

—and economy of means—are not at all at war with technical skill. As a matter of fact, they demand the highest type of technical ability. And precisely because the ancient Greeks exemplified skill of this kind in their contributions to the various departments of art they have, at times directly and at times indirectly, exercised a penetrating and far-sweeping influence on great works of art that have come into being since their time. Our debt to the Hellenes is undeniable and immeasurable.

Yes, the simplicity and the directness characteristic of the art of the Hellenes have projected some of their miracle-working power into subsequent ages. "The Greeks," says Percy Gardner, Professor of Classical Archaeology at the University of Oxford, "had the great advantage of coming before other cultivated peoples, so that there was no commonplace to avoid. They could be simple, as the wild rose and the primrose are simple."

Music has learned much from the Hellenes of old. It can learn much more.

Never say of anything, "I have lost it," but, "I have restored it." Is your child dead? It is restored. Is your wife dead? She is restored. Is your estate taken away? Well, and is not that likewise restored? "But he who took it away is a bad man." What is it to you by whose hand he, who gave it, hath demanded it back again? While he gives you to possess it, take care of it; but as of something not your own, as passengers do of an inn.

EPICTETUS

RECENT RECORDINGS

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART. *Coronation Concerto, No. 26, in D Major (K. 537).* Gina Bachauer, pianist, with the New London Orchestra under Alec Sherman.—An admirable performance of the work which Mozart played in Frankfurt in October, 1790, during the festivities connected with the coronation of Leopold II. 45 rpm. RCA Victor WDM-9000.

CHARLES MUNCH CONDUCTS FRENCH MUSIC. *Rapsodie Espagnole* and *La Valse,* by Maurice Ravel; *Overture to La Princesse Jaune, Op. 30,* by Camille Saint-Saens; *Beatrice and Benedict Overture,* by Hector Berlioz; *Overture to Le Roi d'Ys,* by Edouard Lalo. The Boston Symphony Orchestra under Charles Munch.—The readings are as authentic as they are exciting. 45 rpm. RCA Victor WDM-1700.

FRENCH ORCHESTRAL MASTERWORKS. *Roman Carnival Overture,* by Hector Berlioz; *Pavane pour une Infante Défunte* and *Alborada del Gracioso,* by Maurice Ravel; *Three Nocturnes (Nuages, Fêtes, Sirènes),* by Claude Debussy. The Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra under Antal Dorati.—Here Dorati reveals outstanding skill as a conductor. 33-1/3 rpm. Mercury MG-50005.

ALEXANDER BORODIN. *Symphony No. 2, in B Minor.* IGOR STRAVINSKY. *The Firebird—Ballet Suite.* The Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra under Antal Dorati.—Further proof of Dorati's exceptional ability. 33-1/3 rpm. Mercury MG-50004.

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH. *Partita No. 6, in E Minor. Preludes and Fugues in G Major and G Minor,* from the second book of *The Well-Tempered Clavier.* Jorg Demus, pianist. Clear-cut readings. Inspiring Bach playing. 33-1/3 rpm. Remington R-199-92.

SIMON BARERE MEMORIAL ALBUM. *Don Juan Fantasy,* by Mozart-Liszt, and the following works from the pen of Liszt: *Etude de Concert in F Minor, Sonetto 104 del Petrarca, Valse Oubliée,* and *La Campanella.* Simon Barere, pianist.—Breathtaking playing by the famous keyboard wizard who collapsed in Carnegie Hall, New York, on April 2, 1951, while presenting Edvard Grieg's *Piano Concerto* with the Philadelphia Orchestra under Eugene Ormandy. It is safe to say that Barere literally out-Liszts Liszt. 33-1/3 rpm. Remington R-199-35.

SIMON BARERE RECITAL. *Sonata in B Minor* and *Funérailles,* by Franz Liszt.—This masterful playing was recorded on the stage of Carnegie Hall. Here, too, the performances are breathtaking. 33-1/3 rpm. Remington R-199-85.

JOHANNES BRAHMS. *Concerto in D Major for Violin and Orchestra, Op. 77.* Isaac Stern, violinist, with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra under Sir Thomas Beecham, Bart. —Stern is one of the great violinists of the present time. He gives an uplifting reading of Brahms' great concerto. 33-1/3 rpm. Columbia ML-4530.

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH. *St. John Passion.* Abridged Version. Berta Seidl, soprano; Hildegarde Rössl Majdan, contralto; Erich Mojkut, tenor; Otto Wiener, bass; Walter Berry, bass; Hans Ulrich Stoeps, cembalo, with the Austrian Symphony Orchestra and Chorus under Gottfried Preinfalk.—This recording contains about one-third of the great masterpiece. The performance —presented in German—is superb. 33-1/3 rpm. Remington R-199-78.

FRÉDÉRIC FRANCOIS CHOPIN. *Waltzes.* Edward Kilenyi, pianist.—Praiseworthy playing of these masterpieces. 33-1/3 rpm. Remington R-199-82.

FRÉDÉRIC FRANCOIS CHOPIN. *Concerto No. 1, in E Minor, for Piano and Orchestra, Op. 11.* Edward Kilenyi, pianist, with the Austrian Symphony Orchestra under Felix Prohaska.—Here, too, the playing is admirable. 33-1/3 rpm. Remington R-199-44.

GIACOMO PUCCINI. *La Bohème.* The Austrian Symphony Orchestra under Wilhelm Loibner, with Daniza Illitsch as Mimi, Ratko Delorco as Rodolfo, Ruthildc Boesch as Musetta, Theo Baylé as Marcello, and Georg Oeggl as Schaunard.—An excellent presentation of this popular opera. A complete libretto—in Italian and in English—is included. 33-1/3 rpm. Remington R-199-80.

COMPLETE PIANO MUSIC OF MAURICE RAVEL. Vol. I: *Pavane pour une Infante Défunte; À la Manière de Emanuel Chabrier; À la Manière de Borodin—Valse; Sonatine; Miroirs.* Vol. II: *Ma Mère l'Oye (Mother Goose); Habañera; Jeux d'Eau (The Fountain); Gaspard de la Nuit; Menuet Antique.* Vol. III: *Le Tombeau de Couperin; Valses Nobles et Sentimentales; Prelude in A Minor (1913); Menuet sur le Nom d'Haydn.* Robert Casedesus, pianist. His wife, Gaby Casedesus, joins him for the four-hand versions of *Ma Mère l'Oye* and the *Habañera.*—Masterful readings by one of Ravel's friends—a man who knew the composer well and has a penetrating understanding of his highly polished music. 33-1/3 rpm. Columbia ML-4518, ML-4519, and ML-4520.

JOHANNES BRAHMS. *Sonata for 'Cello and Piano, in E Minor, Op. 38.* Gaspar Cassado, 'cellist, with Otto Schulhof at the piano.—One of my favorite compositions. The performance is excellent. 33-1/3 rpm. Remington R-149-53.

ROMANTIC PIANO FAVORITES. *Dance of the Gnomes* and *Forest Murmurs,* by Franz Liszt; *Three Preludes from Op. 23 (E Flat Major, E Flat Minor, D Major),* by Sergei Rachmaninoff; *Three Preludes from Op. 28 (G Major, F Sharp Minor, B Flat Minor,* by Chopin; *The Maiden's Wish,* by Chopin-Liszt; *Clair de Lune, The Maid With the Flaxen Hair,* and *Golliwog's Cake Walk,* by Claude Debussy; *Tango in D* and *Triana,* by Isaac Albeniz-Leopold Godowsky. Constance Keene, pianist. — Miss Keene has a remarkably fluent technic. Her musicianship is worthy of high praise. 33-1/3 rpm. Mercury MG-10113.

ARNOLD SCHÖNBERG. *Erwartung—Monodrama. Op. 17.* The New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, under Dimitri Mitropoulos, with Dorothy Dow, soprano. ERNST KRENEK. *Symphonic Elegy for String Orchestra.* The New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra under Mitropoulos.—The conducting gives every evidence of profound scholarship, but to me the music—both compositions—bespeaks neuroticism. Křenek's work was written in memory of Anton von Webern. 33-1/3 rpm. Columbia ML-4524.

ROBERT SCHUMANN. *Symphonic Etudes, Op. 13.* JOHANNES BRAHMS. *Variations and Fugue on a Theme by Handel, Op. 24.* Edward Kilenyi, pianist.—Excellent readings of two great sets of variations for the piano. 33-1/3 rpm. Remington R-199-91.

DARIUS MILHAUD. *Saudades do Brazil (Recollections of Brazil)* and *Concerto No. 4, for Piano and Orchestra.* Zadel Skolovsky, pianist. The composer conducts the Orchestre National de la Radiodiffusion Francais during the performance of the concerto.—The twelve dances that make up the *Saudades* are named for districts in Rio de Janeiro. I myself think that Milhaud has a great deal to say. The *Saudades* were written in 1920 and 1921, after the composer's return to Paris. He had spent a year in Brazil as an attaché to the French embassy. The concerto was composed in California in 1949. 33-1/3 rpm. Columbia M1-4523.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN. *Coriolanus Overture, Op. 62. Egmont Overture, Op. 84.* The Philadelphia Orchestra under Eugene Ormandy.—Magnificent playing. 33-1/3 rpm. Columbia AAL-15.

IVAN PETROFF SINGS GREAT BARITONE ARIAS. Scene and Aria—*Cortigiani, vil Razza*—from Verdi's *Rigoletto; Pieta, Rispetto Amore,* from Verdi's *Macbeth; Prologue* to Leoncavallo's *I Pagliacci; Largo al Factotum,* from Rossini's *The Barber of Seville; Ah! Per Sempre,* from Bellini's *Puritani; Vien Leonora,* from Donizetti's *Favorita.* Ivan Petroff, baritone, with the Orchestra of the Maggio Fiorentino under Erasmo Ghiglia.—Artistry of a high order. 33-1/3 rpm. Remington R-199-93.

The New Books

READ NOT TO CONTRADICT AND CONFUTE—NOR BELIEVE AND TAKE FOR GRANTED—BUT TO WEIGH AND CONSIDER

Unsigned reviews are by the Editors

RELIGION

A PROTESTANT MANIFESTO

By Winfred Ernest Garrison (Abingdon-Cokesbury Press, $2.75).

DR. GARRISON, until his retirement in 1943 professor of church history in the University of Chicago and the Disciples Divinity House and for twenty-eight years literary editor of the *Christian Century,* is an authority on Protestant-Catholic issues and on ecumenical movements within Protestantism.

In his present book he "protests" that he does not intend to write a Protestant creed nor a platform for Protestant union. He endeavors, rather, to gather the great truths wherein, he believes, all Protestants agree, and which, he thinks, constitute the message of Protestantism to the church and the world.

Webster's negative definition of a Protestant as "any Christian not of the Roman Catholic or the Eastern church," does not embarrass Dr. Garrison. He considers Roman Catholicism as a negation of much that is truly Christian. In negating this negation Protestants are affirming the fullness of the Christian faith. He might have quoted Whittaker Chambers' words in his current best-selling book: "A man is not primarily a witness *against* something. That is only incidental to the fact that he is a witness *for* something." (See review of Chambers' book on pages 23 ff.)

Not the 256 "Protestant" sects, but the fourteen "brands" of Protestantism which include 95 per cent of all Protestants in the United States, have "an extensive body of beliefs and practices," many of which are common to all. The most important are: 1) justification by faith alone; 2) the freedom and vocation of the Christian man; 3) the priesthood of all believers; 4) the sufficiency of the Bible.

These and other distinctive doctrines of Protestants are discussed positively and negatively in a number of chapters. As a "practical Christian doctrine of the Holy Spirit" Luther's explanation of the Third Article of the Apostles' Creed is given. In the chapter "Origins and Varieties of Protestantism" we have a valuable epitome of conditions in the

medieval church and of the various reformatory movements. (But when shall we overcome the historical falsity that Luther interpreted "This is my body" in the Lord's supper "in terms which he called 'consubstantiation' "? This term is used by Reformed theologians to describe the Lutheran doctrine of "the real presence." "Consubstantiation" is offensive to Lutherans. The word is not found in the index of the reviewer's St. Louis Edition of Luther's Complete Works, nor in the index of the triglot Book of Concord.)

Dr. Garrison says of his book that it is "Pro-Protestant, not anti-Catholic." Yet the author perforce shows the light which Protestantism lets shine on the dark background of Roman Catholic deviations from Scripture. These deviations are mentioned and discussed in the chapters "Alien to the Protestant Spirit" and "Protestantism Denies." "It cannot be too strongly emphasized that the real test question is the place and authority of the pope. . . . This is the watershed between Roman Catholicism and Protestantism."

Under the head of the great truths proclaimed by all Protestants, the book quotes the Augsburg Confession, the Westminster Confession, the Articles of Religion of the Church of England, the Methodist Articles of Religion, Alexander Campbell's Christian System, and others to show how similar are the teachings of the great historic Protestant denominations. But it is not mentioned that for many Protestants their own denominational as well as the ecumenical creeds have become unknown treasures or interesting antiques. A very good student from one of the great Protestant denominations said to this reviewer in the college freshman course "The Teachings of Christianity" that she had "never so much as heard that there be such a thing as the Apostles' Creed."

The title is several sizes too large for this book. It sounds too presumptuous, although Dr. Garrison is not so in his presentation. In his Foreword he explains (a la President Truman?) that he used the word "Manifesto" "in a free and loose sense." The "Manifesto" is not a pronouncement of a representative body of Protestants but a personal declaration of the author. Much better would have been the first subtitle on the jacket: "What Is Protestantism?" since this question is answered quite adequately and satisfactorily.

The book might well be used as required reading in a course in Contemporary Church History, or Comparative Christianity, or it might well be given to those who are becoming interested in Roman Catholicism, because of a contemplated mixed marriage. For Protestantism does have common beliefs, which should become better known among Protestants and be more widely proclaimed to the world. CARL ALBERT GIESELER

THE GREATER CHURCH OF THE FUTURE

By Edwin P. Booth (The Beacon Press, $1.25).

A FEW quotations will characterize this book: "The God of Calvin and Luther, great and powerful for

the Reformation of Europe in the long ago, is no longer adequate for the love that must enfold the total world." "The framework of Saint Paul's interpretation of his beloved Jesus is not a framework in which an answer can be found for any modern problem." "We should dread in our time more than we dread anything else the cry amongst our leaders, 'Back to the Reformation,' 'Back to Luther,' 'Back to Paul.' And our cry should be, 'Back to no one!' but forward to the new organizations and the new truths which God has ready to burst upon our pathway now." "I have been discussing the nature of sin, and I am suggesting that the Coming Great Church will not be built upon the older doctrine that declares human nature is basically sinful and needs a redeemer." "Humanity produced the Bible, and humanity possesses at the present time a nobler concept of the nature of the total religious life than that which is in the Bible." "It is a Christian Theistic Humanism for which I call. Its basic affirmation is that God is the creator of this and all other universes, that He is revealed to us in history under the highest form of life we know—personal!"

Thus this book of the Professor of Historical Theology of Boston University is based on the liberal theology of personalism. It is a definite rejection of Reformation and Neo-Orthodox schools of thought.

Dr. Booth and the Coming Great Church Conference Committee are endeavoring to revive humanistic theism. We can only hope that this "Study Group" will be highly unsuccessful. We share their condemnation of the divisions of Christendom and their idealism of a great united Christian church of the future. But we reject their solution of bringing this about, because their "Greater Church of the Future" will be divested of everything that is Christian.

The jacket of the book shows a church on the steeple of which is not a cross but a weathervane.

CARL ALBERT GIESELER

RELIGIOUS FAITH, LANGUAGE, AND KNOWLEDGE

By Ben F. Kimpel (Philosophical Library, $2.75).

THE author, a professor of philosophy at Drew University, undertakes to show how one of the sources of today's skepticism toward religious faith may be traced to several popular theories of language which rest upon the presuppositions of Logical Empiricism. He then attempts to build a philosophical foundation for theology. During the course of the paper Professor Kimpel examines the Kantian, the neo-Kantian, operationalistic and conventionalistic theories of language and knowledge. He sums up the skeptical "non-theological" arguments of the empiricists with this statement: "According to Empiricism, man can know only his experiences, one type of which is his language. Hence, according to all consistent philosophical empiricisms, in knowing language expressions, one knows only experiences: not informed interpretations of a reality external to ex-

perience. The only truth of which we may claim knowledge, according to this empirical analysis of language, is grammatical, or syntactical truth: it is a property of our statements when formed in accordance with the rules of statement-formations," which makes the problem nothing more than one of symbolic logic. He finds these empirical theories "anti-theological" and "irreconcilable with religious faith either as a theory of language or as a theory of knowledge."

In building his theory of language-knowledge he says, "the belief that nothing is known in experience other than experience is one presupposition. The belief that something of a reality other than experience may be known in experience is another presupposition. To maintain that all symbols designate experience, and nothing other than experience, is simply dogmatic. To maintain, however, that some symbols designate experience, and other symbols designate interpretations of a reality which *may be* other than experience, is not dogmatic."

We feel that the criticism of the empirical language-knowledge theories expressed by Professor Kimpel is basically sound. But we feel that he falters where many have faltered before: in constructing a completely suitable substitute. The last chapter, "The Criterion of Religious Knowledge-Claims" fails to accomplish the purpose of its title and because of its ambiguity has little relative value when compared to the preceding critical chapters.

ROBERT E. HORN

THE LUTHERAN ORDER OF SERVICES

By Paul H. D. Lange (Concordia Publishing House, $.50).

THIS pamphlet explains in a direct way and in simple language the various portions of the several offices of the Lutheran rite. It was prepared by the Rev. Paul H. D. Lange of Palo Alto, California, a man who has gained considerable reputation as a liturgical scholar. It is not intended to be a definitive work on Lutheran Liturgy and it should prove to be a very useful guide for confirmation classes, Sunday school, and adult instruction classes. Illustrated.

BELLES-LETTRES

CONTEMPORARY FRENCH POETRY

By Joseph Chiari, Foreword by T. S. Eliot (Philosophical Library, $3.75).

EZRA POUND AND THE CANTOS

By Harold H. Watts (Henry Regnery Company, $2.75).

WHILE his book is addressed primarily to those who read French—the author hoping to guide these readers toward the seven poets whom he singles out for consideration, or, if they have already begun this reading, to help them in understanding these poets—yet knowledge of French is not essential in following Mr. Chiari's discussion; anyone interested in modern English poetry or in contemporary moral problems

would profit from considering the impact of the twentieth century on such sensitive minds as those of Valéry, Supervielle, Claudel, Emmanuel, Eluard, Perse, and Michaux. Chiari seems to be much more interested in ideas than in techniques. He sets forth Valéry's consideration of whether man loses by being and acting—whether he is not greater existing only in a state of potentiality; Supervielle's idea that the poet is the spokesman for a hylozoic universe; Claudel's conviction that God seizes upon those whom he will use as saints and poets; Emmanuel's theories of the struggle between Christ and Satan; Eluard's Surrealist theories of the significance of dreams; and Michaux's obsession with nothingness.

Mr. Watts' book is an attempt to evaluate *The Cantos,* and in spite of his rather exasperating style he succeeds admirably in showing the relation of Pound's thought and techniques to those of his earlier works and in estimating the value of the poem as a whole. Watts demonstrates that this long poem is based on a simple proposition, accepted by many thinkers, that "usury," the basis of modern "capitalist-democracies" provides an environment in which human values wither away. The poem has a rhetorical purpose—it is intended to persuade the reader to action—but Watts finds that its purpose is to some extent thwarted by this over-simplification of human ills; in failing to present human values in their complexity it lacks some truthfulness, and by irritating the reader it may postpone the action that it seeks to arouse. Pound, over-simplifying again, found in Fascist Italy some virtues that he deemed important and that he found lacking in "Anglo-Saxondom"; Watts points out that his utterances during World War II were an iteration of what he had been saying all along. Any readers who find Pound difficult would enjoy reading Watts' exposition of the ideogram and Pound's other techniques.

FIREBIRD:
A Study of D. H. Lawrence

By Dallas Kenmare (Philosophical Library, $2.75).

Miss Dallas Kenmare has performed a great service to the memory of the poet D. H. Lawrence at the same time that she has brought to the study of this controversial figure a fresh approach. Miss Kenmare has studied all of the poetry of Mr. Lawrence very carefully and has reconstructed his philosophy therefrom. No references are made to any of the many books about Lawrence but rather everything is documented from his poems. The final picture as revealed in this rather short work (only 80 pages) is that of a poet of great stature.

Miss Kenmare examines and quotes from Lawrence's poetry to illustrate his views on life, pain, God, love, and the world about him. She draws a sympathetic picture full of compassion and understanding. To anyone unfamiliar with the works of Lawrence this little book will serve as an introduction that will encourage further investigation. To those familiar with the poetry of this enigmatic figure it will be an induce-

ment to re-examine it in an attempt to catch some of the grandeur that she has caught and imprisoned so briefly.

THE YOUNG GEORGE DU MAURIER

Letters 1860-67, edited by Daphne du Maurier (Doubleday, $4.50).

BEST-SELLING novelist Daphne du Maurier *(Rebecca, My Cousin Rachel)* apparently feeling that her famous grandfather, George du Maurier, *Punch* illustrator and author of *Trilby* and *Peter Ibbetson,* has been somewhat neglected, has gathered together his letters from the years when he was attempting to establish himself as an artist in London. They are written to his mother, to Emma Wightwick (later his wife), and a friend, Thomas Armstrong. The letters reveal a likable and egoistical person who had his fair share of disappointment and perhaps more than his fair share of success in establishing himself in an alien country, yet in none of the letters is there any insight into his philosophy nor any effort at evaluation or interpretation of what was going on in the fields of art and literature at that time. The letters are mostly concerned with trivial, personal matters and any new knowledge that they give of the cultural life of the late Victorian period is social and superficial. The illuminating glimpses of Whistler, Watts, Thackeray, Swinburne, Rossetti, and many other celebrities of the era (promised in the dust jacket) are few and unilluminating. His regular use of some French will be disconcerting to readers whose "college-day" knowledge of that language may not prove sufficient. All in all not a very significant book and its publication seems unnecessary. Illustrated with drawings by du Maurier.

LAMIEL

By Stendahl, Translated and with an Introduction by T. W. Earp (New Directions, $2.00).

IN PUBLISHING the first English translation of this 19th century novel New Directions Press continues its policy of printing last or unfinished works and diary notebooks of well known authors. Marie-Henri Beyle who wrote under the nom de plume of "Stendahl" was writing *Lamiel* furiously and, as is so often the case, excellently during what he knew were his last few days.

The story is a psychological study of a young woman, who, naively at first, inaugurates an investigation of the nature of love. The fascinating insight of this study is that she conducts her "research-affairs" in a cold objective manner. All the while she is concerned with her problem, she is advancing up the social mountain, first as an orphan, then as the protégé of a spoiled duchess, and finally as an adventurous and beautiful lady of Paris.

We regret that Stendahl was unable to complete his novel, for just as the climax was reached and it seemed as if Lamiel was falling into true love the narrative is reduced to the author's outline and notes which are printed as the last chapter.

ROBERT E. HORN

FICTION

HEAVEN AND EARTH

By Carlo Coccioli (Prentice-Hall, $3.50).

THIS is a highly emotional book about a highly emotional Italian priest who attains martyrdom by his death at the hands of the Germans through the cowardice of his own countrymen during World War II. Coccioli, in an attempt to give his novel an air of documentation, succeeds in confusing the reader by throwing together straight narrative, correspondence between a Monsignor and a seminary rector, an official report by a school teacher with Marxist leanings, newspaper clippings, and finally the private diary of a tormented homosexual who commits suicide.

THE HOST ROCK

By Mary Frances Doner (Doubleday, $2.75).

PHOEBE RAWLINS, fleeing from a disastrous marriage, finds her way to a prospector's camp in the Lake Superior region of Canada. There she finds romance, excitement, and danger in the midst of a group working hard (some legally and some not) to discover and lay claim to property containing uranium deposits. Everything works out all right for her eventually and her faith (lost in her marriage) is re-established in the process.

Miss Doner did some research work in the area to get the proper atmosphere for her story, and it is unfortunate that she worked so hard to use this atmosphere because it overshadows the story and places the emphasis in the wrong place. There is really too much attention to atmospheric detail and not enough to character delineation. The plot seems contrived and there are so many cross currents and subplots that it is difficult to follow Phoebe's story as she works out her destiny.

THE SQUARE PEG

By George Malcolm-Smith (Doubleday, $2.75).

AN ACCOUNT of what happens when a gangster hires a personnel psychologist to examine his organization for occupational misfits should provide rather amusing reading, but it doesn't. That a person in such a position could remain ignorant of the true nature of the business requires too much credulity of the reader. In a few spots it is funny, but much of the humor consists of some rather old "situation" jokes worked into the story. This *might* be a good movie vehicle for Harold Lloyd, about the only person around who could be convincing in such a role. Pictures by Carl Rose.

THE CAMP AT LOCKJAW

By David McCord (Doubleday, $1.75).

THIS is the story (with pictures) of Mr. Snivvely and his run-in with nature and the nature-loving Sunwise family. Snivvely, it is clear from the start, hates nature and knows it, but nevertheless accepts the Sunwise offer to spend his vacation with them at their place at Lockjaw, up in Maine. Snivvely's city-softness

and the camp milieu combine to give him agony and give the talented Mr. Williams food for pen. The book is certainly humorous, yes, but in the field of humor it can only be classed as fair. It is in the Benchley tradition, but it isn't Benchley. Illustrated by Gluyas Williams.

THE VIXEN'S CUB

By Katharine Morris (Dutton, $3.00).

WILLOW HERRON and her brother Charlie go to live with an aunt and uncle and their four sons on a farm in the English countryside. Their growth in the midst of family discord, their interrelation with the brothers, Willow's ascension to the post of distaff head of the house, and her ultimate acceptance of an unsatisfactory situation provide the theme of this novel by a new English writer.

Garnet, the son most like his mother (an emotionally unstable and scheming woman who runs away with the groom)—the "vixen's cub"—provides the greatest conflict for Willow as she is first attracted and then repelled by him to reach her maturity and ultimate destiny. Nicely written and good reading. One less son or two might have helped the focus of the story.

THE RED CARNATION

By Elio Vittorini (New Directions, $3.00).

ERNEST HEMINGWAY, in an introduction to an English translation of one of Vittorini's earlier works, calls him "one of the very best of the new Italian writers." I am not disposed to argue with Mr. Hemingway about the respective positions of the present crop of post-war Italian writers, but it would hardly seem that this judgment could rest on *The Red Carnation* alone.

A seventeen-year-old boy, Mainardi, becomes involved with and attracted by a prostitute while clinging to an idealized concept of women typified by a classmate who once gave him a red carnation. In between the conflicts caused by this dichotomous situation, Mainardi has difficulty with his parents as a result of not doing well in his studies, and (as though that were not enough for a seventeen-year-old) suffers from a desire to continually prove his maturity to a group of likewise immature classmates. Fascism (the time is in the early "twenties" when Mussolini was coming rather than going) satisfies this last desire for a time with its forcefulness and authority. Ultimately these conflicts are resolved and Mainardi reaches his maturation.

The dust jacket says that these conflicts seem natural and universal, yet they do not seem either natural or universal nor would they seem such to a reader in this country. Written against alien customs and alien cultural habits the conflicts seem unnatural. Many excellent novels have been written against alien (from the reader's viewpoint) backgrounds, but the novelist has succeeded in those cases in presenting his conflicts in such a manner as to either raise them above their surroundings or has so filled in his background that it is more or less perfectly understood.

Vittorini has done neither. His conflicts, in part, arise out of situations probably peculiar to Italy rather than peculiar to adolescents. Either his situations need more explanation or his conflicts more true universality. Translated by Anthony Bower.

HIMALAYAN ASSIGNMENT

By F. Van Wyck Mason (Doubleday, $3.00).

RESERVE your reading of this new Colonel North novel for one of those long, winter nights; it has plenty of excitement, suspense, and danger. Earlier stories in the North series were *Saigon Singer* and *Dardanelles Derelict.* Again the author reminds us that both the characters and the incidents are entirely the product of his imagination—thus preventing the popular parlor sport of Guess Who? But we don't much care who; we are mostly interested in *where* this mystery story takes place.

The endpaper maps depict the forbidden Vale of Jonkhar section of mountainous country between Tibet and Nepal, near India, in the high Himalayas. Here the long-suffering Col. Hugh North is ordered by G-2 on the most important (but naturally secret) mission of his career. On its outcome, namely to prevent or tactfully induce the Sri Rajah from leaguing with the Communists, may depend the world's peace; a direct gateway into India must be hindered! Since the time is contemporary, the diplomacy almost matches today's headlines.

Mastermind that he is, the Bahadur Colonel survives against all odds, notably the machinations of his long-time enemy Sam Steele, a renegade American soldier of fortune. Included are such unusual devices as a big game hunt planned for murder, a man-made landslide, cryptic ideographs, a box of shells filled with code data, taciturn bandits, and "iron pants" prison escape, datura-seed drug poisoning, polyglot language, and something for which I can see *no* artistic excuse—unnecessarily hard speech by the white women.

F. Van Wyck Mason, a practical craftsman, works on the assumption that the majority of readers prefers a well-plotted, fast-moving yarn with a lot of incident arranged in a matchless atmosphere. His participation in both World Wars has enabled him to see a good bit of action and a great deal of the world; consequently he uses uncommon backgrounds realistically. Usually he writes out four drafts, the first one descriptive, before he is happy with the result. Even so, this particular product seems hastily written.

HERBERT H. UMBACH

GENERAL

ANNE FRANK: THE DIARY OF A YOUNG GIRL

(Doubleday, $3.00).

THIS extraordinary book is a moving commentary on World War II and its impact on the lives of eight people forced to live together for two years in confined quarters. At the same time it presents a valuable study of the thoughts and emotions characteristic of adolescence.

The Franks, Jewish refugees from

Germany, were living in Occupied Holland when Anne received the diary for her 13th birthday in June of 1942. Despite the oppressive anti-Jewish laws, Anne was not disheartened. The entries she made then could have been those of any young girl living under normal conditions. Then the S.S. sent a call-up notice. Anne and her sister Margot fled with their parents to a hiding place they had prepared in an unused section of an old Amsterdam office building. This "Secret Annexe" they shared with Albert Dussel, a dentist, the Van Daans and their son Peter.

With unusual insight and with remarkable skill, Anne reveals how this group of human beings managed to live. The need for silence during the day and for darkness at night, the ever present threat of discovery, the diminishing food supply, the boredom, the petty misunderstandings, all produced an almost unbearable strain. It was the constant bickering that troubled Anne most of all. "Why do grownups quarrel so easily, so much, and over the most idiotic things?" When the quarrels and general irritability brought Anne to the bursting point, she was wise enough to realize that a good hearty laugh was needed most. She expressed her fear that "if I stay here for very long I shall grow into a dried-up old beanstalk. And I did so want to grow into a real young woman!"

News of the mass deportations of Jews made Anne frantic. She had terrifying visions of their suffering and asked, "Why do I always dream and think of the most terrible things —my fear makes me want to scream out loud sometimes. Because still, in spite of everything, I have not enough faith in God." In anguish she cried out, "Who has inflicted this upon us? Who has made us different from all the other people? It is God that has made us as we are, but it will be God, too, who will raise us up again."

But this young girl "badly in need of some rollicking fun" did not lose her sense of humor. She decided to call her diary "the unbosomings of an ugly duckling." When Mr. Dussel practiced his dentistry on Mrs. Van Daan and needed many assistants, Anne wrote that "the whole scene looked like a picture from the Middle Ages entitled 'A Quack at Work.' "

To help time pass quickly Anne read the plays of Goethe and Schiller, studied Greek and Roman mythology, taught herself shorthand, brushed up on foreign languages, threw herself into her writing. She studied the people around her with intense interest and faithfully recorded her penetrating observations. "You only really get to know people," she noted, "when you've had a jolly good row with them. Then and then only can you judge their true characters!"

But the finest aspect of the diary is the portrait of Anne herself and, by extension, of all adolescents. She had the ability to view herself objectively and constantly tried to correct her faults. We see her change from an "Incurable Chatterbox" into a young woman, wise beyond her years. As she rapidly matured, her thoughts turned inward to the changes taking place. "Who would ever think," she reflected, "that so much can go on in the soul of a young

girl?" When she was nearing her 15th birthday, she wrote, "I believe that it's spring within me, I feel that spring is awakening, I feel it in my whole body and soul. It is an effort to behave normally, I feel utterly confused, don't know what to read, what to write, what to do, I only know that I am longing . . .!" Soon after that entry she fell in love with Peter, but their love was to be short-lived.

The Nazis discovered the "Secret Annexe" on August 4, 1944, and all its occupants were sent to concentration camps. Of the eight, only Anne's father survived. In March, 1945, two months before the liberation of Holland, Anne died in the concentration camp at Bergen-Belsen.

The diary, found by friends after the raid, is translated by B. M. Mooyaart—Doubleday. Introduction by Eleanor Roosevelt.

CARLENE HEIDBRINK BARTELT

AN OUTSPOKEN VISITOR

THE AMERICANS AT HOME

By David Macrae (E. P. Dutton & Co., $4.50).

THE place is the United States, the year 1868. From what at first sight appear to be unpromising materials this European traveler distills some significant observations on the domestic and public life, manners, and customs of our ancestors. Originally published abroad in 1871, no American edition was printed until this one. It is unfortunate that so readable a compilation of nineteenth century Americana lacks both an introductory sketch of the author and an index of the multiple subtopics which the 63 chapters in the Table of Contents richly suggest.

The Rev. David Macrae of Scotland toured along our eastern seaboard all the way from Canada to Florida, proceeded westward to New Orleans, then up the Mississippi and on to "the Lightning City," namely rapidly growing Chicago, and back east to Washington and beyond. He certainly was a man filled with insatiable curiosity about the U. S. at a time when most Americans scarcely knew what lay beyond their own yard limits in this vast country! Because his stay was rather brief this travelogue is often lacking in insight and discrimination; none the less, it is a gossipy if not critical account—and who can say but what in its informal manner it is as useful a source book as a documented historical record is.

For instance, in the chapter on unusual folk habits or customs the Scot presents such delightful trivia as the menfolks sitting with feet up, the general lack of formality in dress, an almost constant practice of whittling, the continuous chewing and expectorating of tobacco (or the more offensive female habit of "dipping" snuff sticks), our eating too fast instead of dining, the widespread carrying of arms, and the like. To a foreigner we must have seemed remarkably retarded! Another instructive section, labelled Americanisms, comments on the monotonous sameness of many of our place-names, especially the wholesale appropriation of ready-made nomenclature

from the old world. Striking differences between American and English pronunciation are noted, as are numerous terms and expressions uniquely colloquial, frequently (as in the following example) with humor.

> Where we should say "I think" or "I suppose," the Northern man says "I guess," and the Southern man "I reckon." It was a Yankee's way of explaining the difference, that a Yankee's guess was as good as a Southern man's reckoning.

Of particular merit is the amount of good that Macrae discovered while in America almost a hundred years ago. Our country has had numerous outspoken visitors like Mrs. Frances Trollope, Harriet Martineau, Lord James Bryce, Charles Dickens, Oscar Wilde, and such—most of whom published in their homeland certain uncomplimentary accounts intended to belittle the "uncultured" Americans. Such writers used the inconclusive premise of an inevitable depreciation of mind and manners under democratic institutions. Not so Macrae! His native shrewdness made him disapprove of some of what he saw, notably the universal American trait of boastfulness. But he was in a good position to meet all manner of important people (Holmes, Longfellow, Emerson, Beecher, Sumner, Lee, Stowe, Andrew Johnson), acquaintance with whom revealed to him the truth that genuine Americans revere the old country despite our Fourth of July spread-eagle oratory. Like Walt Whitman in *Democratic Vistas,* Macrae presented a belief in our potentialities alongside a kind admonishment about our uneven performance as a democratic nation.

FPA'S BOOK OF QUOTATIONS

By Franklin P. Adams (Funk and Wagnalls, $5.95).

FRANKLIN PIERCE ADAMS, famed New York newspaper columnist and perpetual guest on "Information Please," is getting old but he continues to give pleasure to many Americans. From FPA's reputation as a literateur and wit we might correctly assume that this *Book of Quotations* is an excellent addition to any library. It is. A paragraph from the title page may be of interest. It describes the book as "a new collection of famous sayings, reflecting the wisdom and the wit of times past and present and including the virtuous, humorous, and philosophic commentary on life by men and women of every age together with riches from the profound wells of the Bible, proverbs, and anonymity as selected by Franklin Pierce Adams." This is an enjoyable book.

JOURNEY TO THE FAR PACIFIC

By Thomas E. Dewey (Doubleday, $4.00).

GOVERNOR DEWEY'S flight to the far Pacific caused a great deal of speculation which, no doubt, will aid in the sale of this book. If, however the reader expects to find here a deep insight into, or profound discussion of American foreign policy in the far east, he is in for a disappointment. There are a few generalizations about past mistakes, present crises and future policy—proposed and unproposed—but Mr. Dewey's primary concern seems to be with things

like Asiatic agricultural techniques, Javanese dancing and Oriental menus. Interesting enough, but superfluous.

This writer wonders why VIPs are so prone to believe that the reading public awaits breathlessly a detailed account of whatever they do. Mr. Dewey is guilty of this presumption. The book contains nothing of import that the intelligent American does not already know. It is not dull. It is simply insignificant.

THE GREAT IDEAS OF PLATO

By Eugene Freeman and David Appel (Lantern Press, $3.50).

THIS is a book from "The Library of Great Ideas," a library planned by the Lantern Press to come into existence over a period of years. The publishers feel that the study of philosophy should be a thrilling pursuit for eager minds of any age. We agree. Their aim is to supply, in context, the great ideas of western philosophy. The various authors are given the job of pointing out, by brief commentaries, the relevance of these ideas of the past to our present age and its problems. If the books to follow in this series are of the caliber of this one the project should be a success.

Professor Freeman teaches at Illinois Technical Institute and Mr. Appel is book editor of the *Philadelphia Enquirer*. They are to be congratulated on their handling of the commentaries which accompany the many selections from Plato's writings here presented. They kept the comments short, yet not too oversimplified. By keeping the commentaries lucid but not "classroomish" the authors may have helped Plato to get an ear in our times.

IMMORTAL BOHEMIAN

By Dante del Fiorentino (Prentice-Hall, $3.50).

A VERY light and easy to read subjective biography of the famous composer Giacomo Puccini. It is as much an autobiography of the author as it is an "intimate memoir" of the composer. Much of the material on the early life of Puccini is full of admiration and hero worship, and it consists of anecdotes and stories told the author either by his own relatives and family friends or by Puccini's relatives. Father Fiorentino was but fifteen when the maestro had already composed "Edgar," "Manon," and "La Boheme." As is often the case in biographies of great men, one suspects that many of the anecdotes about the "Immortal Bohemian" are, if not downright legend, at least encrusted with a liberal sprinkling of apocryphal details that grow with each telling, *Opera News* notwithstanding.

THE ENEMY WITHIN

By Raymond J. de Jaegher and Irene Corbally Kuhn (Doubleday, $3.75).

FATHER DE JAEGHER, a Belgian, went to China as a Jesuit missionary in 1930. From then until he escaped in 1947 he watched the spread of Communist domination. He saw the Reds undermine the traditional Chinese family life, the code of morals and religion since these were effective deterrents to the spread of Communism. He saw the Reds

play on the patriotism of the people in the battle against Japanese aggression to further weaken the national government. Of this stuff his story is made.

The story itself and the way in which it is told captivates the emotions of the reader. The unbelievable atrocities of Chinese upon Chinese and of the father's own extreme personal experiences make a definite impression on the reader. But it is here that we feel we should strike a note of warning. For the authors are telling a story with a tremendous emotional impact in a very controversial area. The *incidents* are no doubt true. But we would suggest that the reader submit the *contentions* made by the authors to further scrutiny as the facts of China's fall are made known.

THOMAS JEFFERSON: SCIENTIST

By Edwin T. Martin (Schuman, $2.00).

EDWIN T. MARTIN, who teaches in the Department of English at Emory University, has long been interested in the scientific side of Thomas Jefferson and this book is the product of that long interest. It is a scholarly book although the wealth of information here presented may not be appreciated by everybody. It does picture Jefferson in a somewhat broader aspect than he is usually considered. Most of us have long been familiar with the fact that Jefferson was something of a gadgeteer and the architect of his own famous home. What we did not know is that he had a "broad knowledge of scientific subjects to which he . . . made notable contributions." Jefferson was a very active member of the American Philosophical Society and pursued interests in biology and physics. The book includes fifteen pages of pictures.

NEWSWEEK'S HISTORY OF OUR TIMES Vol. 3

By the Editors of Newsweek (Funk and Wagnalls, $6.00).

IT IS many times difficult to grasp the full impact of contemporary world history by following the articles and headlines in the daily newspaper or even in the many magazines which are supposed to show us the "significance of what is happening today." With this book, the third of the series, the Editors of *Newsweek* have given us a chance to review quickly the year 1951.

The coverage of events is set up into five categories: National Affairs; The Korean War; International Affairs; Business; and Arts, Sciences, and Entertainment. Quite a bit of space is given to the "big" stories of the year, for example, the MacArthur Episode, Crime and Scandals, Communism, and Foreign Policy. We must, however, criticize the inclusion of many local color anecdotes which have very little to do with what we generally consider the job of contemporary world historians to be and even less to do with what might be advanced for their defense—sociological history. Nearly a fifth of this large volume is devoted to these incidentals

which are humorous and relaxing but hardly as informative as we feel they should be to merit consideration. As a possible alternative to fill up this "missing fifth" we would suggest the inclusion of important documents and speeches of the year, which are conspicuously missing.

In the back of the book are the top news and human interest photographs of the year, a brief chronology of 1951's events, and a comprehensive reference index. ROBERT E. HORN

FANFARE FOR 2 PIGEONS

By H. W. Heinsheimer (Doubleday, $2.75).

AN EXECUTIVE in a music publishing house takes a look at the musical world and airs some pet peeves in this brief and, on the whole, amusing and diverting excursion into realms alien to most. The brief recollections of Béla Bartók, Kurt Weill, and Alban Berg have been done with affection and sincerity.

A deep personal interest in music and current musical developments is so clearly evident that even the uninitiated will find much to attract and enlighten. There may be no proof of his thesis that the current popularity of the symphony starts with radio, but his prediction that television will do the same for opera and ballet is an engaging and hopeful one.

Some may want to criticize his attitude toward the organized concert plans (he doesn't like them), but most will applaud his stand on the question of opera in English (that it should be, has to be, and will be sung in English).

SCANDINAVIA

Edited by Dore Ogrizek (McGraw-Hill, $6.50).

THIS tenth volume in the "World in Color" series is a worthy successor to previously-published volumes. Perceptive eyes pass over the five northern European lands and transmit what they see to skilled brushes and facile pens. The result is another volume which is both informative and beautiful.

The regional descriptions are on a level with what we have come to expect of this series. The three opening chapters on the art, literature, and history of the Scandinavian countries deserve special mention for the overview which they provide of the contribution which these small and out-of-the-way nations have made to the history and culture of the Western world—a contribution altogether disproportionate to their size and to the natural handicaps under which they have worked out their national destinies.

The social psychologist might profitably read the section which concludes the discussion of Sweden. Entitled "In Search of Human Happiness," it relates the story of Sweden's "womb-to-tomb" social security but it poses the question that Emmanuel Mounier raised at the end of an article which he had written after touring Sweden: "Is man made for happiness?" Certainly if the security of material things can satisfy, Sweden ought to be a very happy country.

The READING ROOM

By VICTOR F. HOFFMANN

Political Conventions

As ANY owner of a television set will plainly tell you, political conventions—Democratic and Republican alike—are crazier and funnier than most Americans had ever thought. What the American of 1952 saw on his television screen was a bewildering stream of anxious people who had come from all corners of the United States and from points outside of the United States into aisles that would not be cleared and into collective audiences that had little respect for chairmen, reporters, television viewers, and party dignitaries. Grown men and women who had come to the stockyards emporium at 43rd and Halstead in South Chicago to fulfill a solemn obligation in our political process, some of them our elected and appointed officials and leaders, suddenly acted like little children—responded with their emotions rather than with their minds, hooted and howled or grew utterly indifferent at the slightest provocation, booed or applauded with no sense of rhyme or reason, put on funny hats and war danced all over the joint, and sometimes refused to attend sessions even when major speakers were displaying their oratorical wares. This spontaneous madness was often obstructed by the calculated confusion of the professional demonstrators, usually young party club members who responded to cues. Chaplains—chosen not necessarily because they were men of God but because they were Catholic, Lutheran, Jewish, Protestant, Swedish, Irish, Polish or what have you—took to lecturing to God. God, we noticed, was for and against centralization of government. On the platform, party dignitaries strutted like fantail and pouting pigeons, wringing out of the television cameras every last light ray of publicity and glamor. Streaming out over the convention hall came a tintinnabulation of words. Words all over the place.

Shopworn Phrases

THAT'S the trouble with conventions, words that can be made into speeches. Speeches were

made in the name of decency and fair play, in behalf of the boys in Korea and their mothers at home. Some of the speakers spoke in behalf of my toddling son who was a good deal amused by the strange noises and sights coming through the air, in behalf of his mother who was perplexed by the strange manner in which words were being put together and delivered. The speeches, as you know, were slightly soporific (one of my friends just curled up like a little squirrel during a television bout of words and went to sleep) because they pulled out all the stops on all the stereotypes ever created by the American political man: we stand on our records of efficiency, purity, and American brotherhood—we have preserved the American way of life—American freedoms will roll away into the ashcan of oblivion and hollow memory unless our party is elected in November—we shall continue to fight for those freedoms which made the United States the greatest gift of God to freedom. Delegates and leaders claimed that they had come up the hard way, had been made what they are by hard work and sweat and tears and the American way of life. All of them of course were for the New Testament, the Ten Commandments, and Christianity. No doubt many of these people vaguely believed their vague expressions. I am sure that some of them did. Nevertheless, professional politicians should begin to realize that many people are becoming a little tired of the shopworn phrases.

The Cynics

THE hardboiled men of newspapers, radio, and television spend a good deal of their time poking fun at these queer shenanigans of the politician. Particularly Peter Edson, a columnist of some note, had a lot of fun during the recent conventions. At times, however, he was sad for it became abundantly clear to him that America is now standing at the crossroads. (One of Edson's brothers in the profession was reputed to have felt so badly during one of the conventions about the national state of affairs that he went out on the Chicago street corners and sold pencils and apples.) Edson also reported a bit of solid information from one of the governors of one of our great and sovereign states: "The men and women who follow after us will be our children." *(The Chicago Daily News,* July 9, 1952.) Not only that, "Most of the speakers have [also] proposed that the country be turned backwards, so that men and women who follow us would be like our ancestors." There was that much talk about the great saints of American politi-

cal life and more. Some of these political guys and dolls could afford to take a couple of good courses in American history.

Robert C. Ruark, a columnist slightly right of Herbert Hoover, compared the goings on to a carnival and was slightly burned up: "The thing that you can deplore is that whatever seriousness of purpose or basic nobility of character is here it has a way of getting buried in the surrounding nonsense of the carnival approach to elections. The slogans become ridiculous—the noise becomes unbearable. . . . I keep looking for the semi-naked lady in the inflammable skirt. . . . Hurry, hurry, hurry! The bearded lady and the two-headed glasseater are just to your right, over behind the second bank of television equipment." (*The Chicago Daily News,* July 11, 1952.)

As Ruark suggests, the sad part is that very often the real issues are relegated to the background. This was also the burden of many of the messages sent back home by some foreign correspondents who couldn't understand the whole procedure. One foreign correspondent cabled his home office that he was "surprised that in the Amphitheatre itself there [was] so very little discussion among the delegates about a positive approach toward American and world problems." But this correspondent, like most Americans, has forgotten that it is characteristic of American politics that the issues very often are watered down and that so much of American political activity therefore is devoted to acrimonious debate about personalities. But, then, that's the way it is with so much of life, a lot of nonsense and horseplay.

Politics and Slander

I DON'T mind a little nonsense and horseplay. In fact, I sometimes relish a little too much of it for my own good. In some instances, however, the speakers moved far beyond the nonsense stage into the very dangerous province of slander, name-calling, and defamation of character that does not speak well for those who aspire to high position and leadership in the country. In fact, such talk does not become human beings. Several months ago, several people of the campus family promised not to go along with aspirants who used such tactics. We discovered that we were left with a narrowing choice. We discovered that all of us are capable of the practice.

The obvious type of slander is not too dangerous. The blunt and malicious slander is easy to detect. For example, I have been getting literature from a number of pressure groups (who, I am certain, sent their materials to our pastors)

who brand FDR, Eisenhower, and a whole host of others as Jews and foreigners. What difference does it make, in the first place, whether they are Jews or not? In the second place, this type of propaganda is a deliberate distortion of the facts. I am almost to the point of writing off as a very bad risk many of the people who yell "nigger-lover," "Christ-killer," Communist, and parlor pink. People who are always investigating—textbooks, magazines, liberal organizations, leftwing church groups, and the like—must be driven by queer compulsions. I am serious about the eradication of subversives but I can't get serious about the shadowboxing of some of these people, some of whom couldn't give a good, clear definition of either Americanism or Communism.

But the obvious type of slander isn't bad. One can at least see the crossbones and the skull. But there is a subtle and more corrosive type of slander. This is the type done by good people who wouldn't stoop to name-calling and defamation of character. They'll say that Acheson is a poor secretary of state, that Taft is no good, and that Truman must go. A further perusal of the subject usually discloses a woeful lack of information. To label and to characterize a man or to vote for or against him on flimsy foundations is also a form of slander. This is more dangerous than the McCarthy type of name-calling.

Witness

With regard to this matter of character and political slander, certain lines of a letter by Lillian Hellman to the House Committee on Un-American Activities make me especially shameful of my "loose and innocent" talk: "I am advised by counsel that if I answer the Committee's questions about myself, I must also answer questions about other people, and that if I refuse to do so, I can be cited for contempt. . . . I am not willing, now or in the future, to bring bad trouble to people who, in my past association with them, were completely innocent of any talk or any action that was disloyal or subversive. . . . I cannot and will not cut my conscience to fit this year's fashions. . . . I was raised in an old-fashioned American tradition and there were certain homey things that were taught me: to try to tell the truth, not to bear false witness, not to harm my neighbor, to be loyal to my country, and so on. . . . It is my belief that you will agree with these simple rules of decency and will not expect me to violate the good American tradition from which they spring." *(The Nation,* May 31, 1952.)

I think that most of the readers will agree that it is unfortunately too true "that every man has a strong propensity for seeing his neighbor's faults, and perhaps for making them even greater in telling them." (S. Kierkegaard, *Works of Love.)* But, according to Kierkegaard, this propensity is more than a simple excitable nervousness to attract attention by the simple telling of a story about some other person. That thing "which is already pernicious enough as a nervous desire which cannot keep silent is sometimes in man a horrible, devilish passion developed on the most horrible scale." No one group of people in the United States has developed the passion of slander to as high a degree as professional politicians and pressure groups. In fact, I am almost ready to say that a good part of American political activity is organized around this pernicious, horrible, and devilish passion. All the more reason for the really good people to get out of their ivory towers into the arena. If they don't, they are asking for bona fide membership in the royal society of knaves who devise evil against their neighbors who dwell securely near them.

Television and Politics

EVER since television became a common household utensil, people interested in politics and conventions began to wonder what effect the new medium would have on politicians, politics, and campaigning. According to Larry Wolters of *The Chicago Daily Tribune* (July 12, 1952), the televised proceedings of the conventions "exercised a kind of hypnotic influence" in that they kept people up to all hours of the night. This might mean, therefore, that Americans will now become interested in politics. It is certainly true that TV kept people interested because it gave persons a sense of being there, a sense of actually participating.

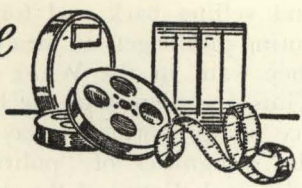
A sudden interest in politics will nevertheless be tempered by a disgust with the shameful proceedings, I would guess. People had no idea of the things that took place at conventions. Many people on my block, for example, were amazed that persons who acted like little children, fought like cats and dogs, and called one another names like a crowd of criminals should now go across the breadth of the United States and ask the rank and file to vote intelligently, that is, to vote for them, to cast their votes for their high and holy party. It just doesn't make any sense to a lot of people. TV showed up the old tactics of the professional politicians. They'll have to use some new gimmicks that television can't reveal.

"Other viewers," says Wolters, "objected to the variety show aspects of the convention proceedings." It certainly seemed to me that the conventions wasted a lot of time and money with unnecessary singing. After all, it wasn't a song festival. At any rate, I've heard better music. The singing and speech-making made for an unhappy and distasteful combination. Most of these speeches, as suggested above, were window-dressing at the most. Politicians in making a simple motion or point of order would use the sudden advantage of the floor for ten to twenty minutes of oratory. Acrobats, end men, burlesque situations. What else could Minsky's on State Street in Chicago offer?—Nothing!

Creative Partisanship

HERMAN FINER, an eminent political scientist, and T. V. Smith, a master in wordcraft and the solemn tone, are not as cynical about political conventions as the journalists quoted above. (The University of Chicago Round Table, July 13, 1952.) In all of the foolishness, they saw the creativity of partisanship. What they mean is that after enough name-calling and yelling back and forth, the voting public gets an idea of what they want in the White House. Thus, the dignity of the high office finally worms its way out of the indignities of "politicking." The symbolism and the duties of the office, said these two scholars, make the politician who got to the White House better than he ever was and had ever hoped to be. His initial will to power is tempered by his will to political and administrative perfection and an accompanying will to piety and a high sense of duty. Soon the platitudes of the politician grow into the faith and creative vision of a president. Smith and Finer are probably right in saying that we have not elected such bad men, downright evil men, to our highest office. We have done fairly well with all of them. In such high fashion, the University of Chicago Round Table of July 13 provided an antidote to the amusement and cynicism that can easily infect many of us about political men and maneuvers.

THE CRESSET *evaluates one of the world's most powerful forces*

The  *Motion Picture*

By ANNE HANSEN

IN HIS foreword to *Hollywood, U. S. A.,* subtitled *From Script to Screen* (New York: Vantage Press, Inc. 1952. 256 pages. $3.50) Will Hays says, "As I have often observed, everybody has two businesses—his own and motion pictures."

Former Movie Czar Hays speaks from firsthand experience. He knows that the public's keen interest in the screen is not confined to cheers—or boos—from the individual theater patron. He knows that many groups and organizations in the United States actually want to have a part in formulating the policies which govern the motion-picture industry. He tells us:

> In 1929, the organized women of America asked that they might have a representative in Hollywood—to reflect the wishes and reactions of women throughout the world, and to help the women to understand some of the practical problems that confront producers.

Acting on this request, Mr. Hays appointed Mrs. Thomas G. Winters to represent national women's organizations in the film capital. A year later Alice Evans Field became Mrs. Winters' associate. When, in 1942, Mrs. Winters retired, Mrs. Field succeeded her as director. She continued in this post until 1949.

Hollywood, U. S. A. is an outgrowth of Mrs. Field's experience in the public relations department of the Motion Picture Association. The author tells the story of the making of a movie literally from script to screen. She examines, and attempts to evaluate, every phase and facet of this great arts-industry. We are introduced to writers, directors, artists, and technicians.

In addition, Mrs. Field has compiled valuable lists of plays and players as well as a complete roster of Academy Award winners, a summary of the principles underlying the Motion Picture Production Code, and a comprehensive glossary of cinematic terminology.

There is one curious omission

in Mrs. Field's book: the complete absence of any mention of the part—one may even say the all-important part—money plays in the making of a film. Although *Hollywood, U. S. A.* has many excellent qualities, it seems unlikely that the book will be accepted as "the definitive account of that tinsel town, Hollywood," as the blurb on the dust jacket would have us believe.

Each year—along with flies, mosquitoes, heat waves, and thunderstorms—come the so-called "warm weather" films. Producers optimistically call the average summer movie fare "light," "airy," and "escapist." Seasoned movie-goers frankly declare that most of these releases are just plain lousy. At least, such pictures do afford a welcome few hours—perhaps even a refreshing nap—in air-conditioned comfort.

Although most producers carefully reserve their important new releases for early autumn showing, occasionally a rewarding, off-the-beaten-path film does make its appearance during the torrid months.

Ivory Hunter (Ealing Studios, Universal-International, Henry Watt) is one of these unusual films. This is the appealing story of Colonel Mervyn Howie, the courageous humanitarian and sportsman who was instrumental in founding a British game preserve—the first of Africa's national parks—in Kenya Colony, East Africa. Here we have fine acting, magnificent technicolor photography, expert direction, and a majestic natural setting.

I saw this picture in the company of two lively and highly imaginative little girls. Their reaction led me to believe that most children will enjoy *Ivory Hunter.* Although the film contains tense moments—moments in which the characters portrayed are in grave danger—my young companions did not find these scenes too depressing. By and large, they were thrilled by the truly remarkable shots of the animal life native to Kenya, and they were warmly sympathetic to Colonel Howie's plea for the protection of the animals.

We turn now to a colorful picture produced in the land "down under." *Kangaroo* (20th Century-Fox, Lewis Milestone) was made in and around the desert town of Port Augusta, Australia. The story in this stock western is an old one, but the backdrop is new and arresting. Technicolor photography effectively captures both the charm and the potential terror of the far-off Australian bush country.

Our travels are not over. Next—in *Lydia Bailey* (20th Century-Fox, Jean Negulesco)—we see the breathtaking tropical beauty of the island of Haiti. Only a fragment of Kenneth Roberts' histori-

cal novel has been brought to the screen. *Lydia Bailey* is long on spectacular scenes, exciting marches and countermarches, plots and counterplots. It is distressingly short on history and decidedly vague as to moral and ethical values.

Our travelogue takes us now to the hauntingly lovely countryside of Shropshire, England. *The Wild Heart* (RKO-Radio, Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger) presents Jennifer Jones and a distinguished English cast in a moderately successful screen version of Mary Webb's tragic novel *Gone to Earth.* Here again the background overshadows the play.

Clash by Night (RKO-Radio, Fritz Lang) brings us back to the domestic scene. Here Clifford Odets' stage play of the same title loses the point and substance of the original under an avalanche of talk and because of a soap opera finish.

Speaking of soap opera brings me to *Paula* (Columbia, Rudolph Mate). But only for a moment. This may be a sure-fire tear-jerker for some—but not for your case-hardened reviewer. A new child star—Thomas Rettig—is appealing enough, but the grown-ups should be ashamed to have any part in such nonsense.

Revolution-torn France of the last years of the eighteenth century comes to life in M-G-M's technicolor production *Scaramouche,* adapted from Rafael Sabatini's swashbuckling novel. Glamor, romance, and high adventure are woven into this lavishly mounted costume picture.

Red Ball Express (Universal-International) pays tribute to the U. S. Army transportation crews that brought desperately needed supplies to Patton's hard-hitting Third Army during the crucial days of the Allied breakthrough in France in August, 1944. The tribute to our fighting men is often moving, and the war-time combat scenes are exciting. The story is weak.

Diplomatic Courier (20th Century-Fox) starts out on a ringing note of realism when Director Henry Hathaway permits us to see the amazing technological devices employed by the U. S. State Department to keep in touch with agents and couriers in far-off places. Glimpses of Paris, Salzburg, and Trieste add to the semi-documentary flavor of the film. Soon, however, melodrama takes over, and the action develops along familiar, well-traveled paths.

The Atomic City (Paramount, Jerry Hopper) is what is known to the industry as a "sleeper." A "sleeper" is a modest B budget picture or "cheapie" which unexpectedly catches on and becomes a box-office hit. *The Atomic City* was made in twenty-four days at

a cost of $500,000. There are no big-time names in the cast, and, in itself, the plot is not new. Why, then, has *The Atomic City* been such a success? Because the screen play is expertly fashioned, the acting is excellent, and the direction is sensitive. The story moves rapidly, and the settings at Los Alamos and in the nearby Puye ruins are unusually interesting. Behind the scenes glimpses of the workings of the F.B.I. provide further fascination.

Important figures of the tennis and golf world make brief appearances in *Pat and Mike* (M-G-M, George Cukor), a brisk and breezy comedy co-starring Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn. Aldo Ray, the popular young newcomer who won enthusiastic praise for his work in *The Marrying Kind (Columbia),* appears in a supporting role.

What has happened to Ann Sheridan? Her new film—a so-called comedy—is flat and dull. The title is *Just Across the Street* (Universal-International).

The Winning Team (Warners) presents a moderately entertaining screen biography of Grover Cleveland Alexander, a famous figure in baseball history.

Lovely to Look At (M-G-M) is a lackluster remake of Jerome Kern's delightful musical hit *Roberta.*

We are living in a world of beauty but how few of us open our eyes to see it! What a different place this would be if our senses were trained to see and hear! We are heirs of wonderful treasures from the past: treasures of literature and of the arts. They are ours for the asking—all our own to have and to enjoy, if only we desire them enough.

LORADO TAFT

The Editor's Lamp

PROBLEMS

CONTRIBUTORS

FINAL NOTES

With the resumption of publication after a month's holiday, we have to announce a few changes in our staff.

Richard Broecker, our almost indispensable assistant to the editor, received his A.B. in political science from Valparaiso University on the first of August and is leaving us to begin work toward a degree in theology. He joined us at a very critical time and a very large measure of credit for the success of the past year and a half should be his. We are happy that he will continue to be with us in a less active role, as one of our permanent contributors. Robert Horn will take over most of the work which Dick had been doing.

Beginning with this issue, Victor F. Hoffmann takes on the newly-created post of assistant managing editor. Thus, with a non-partisan editor, a conservative Republican managing editor, and a liberal Democrat assistant managing editor, the CRESSET ought to be able to give due consideration to all respectable shades of political opinion.

Finally, James Savage has been appointed literary editor of the CRESSET, in which capacity he will be responsible for the book review section and for the literary scene generally. Mr. Savage meets the essential requirement that had been established when we went in search of a literary editor. He is a bibliophile. He also has the dubious distinction of being the only bachelor among our editors.

All of our featured writers this month are well known to our readers. We would, however, call particular attention to Marty Marty, who wrote "Toward a Greater Ministry." In the past three months Marty has been busier than the proverbial bee 1) graduating from Concordia Seminary where he was twice editor of the *Seminarian,* 2) getting married to the former Miss Elsa Schumacher; 3) settling into his new duties as assistant pastor in Grace Church, River Forest, Illinois; and 4) writing this article for the CRESSET. We think that Marty is representative of the thinking young men who are going out from our seminaries into the work of the church, neither blindly assuming that everything that is old ought to be discarded nor that everything that is new ought to be avoided. In our prayers we ought to find time to ask divine benediction upon these young men who are coming in as replacements for the veteran soldiers of the Cross.